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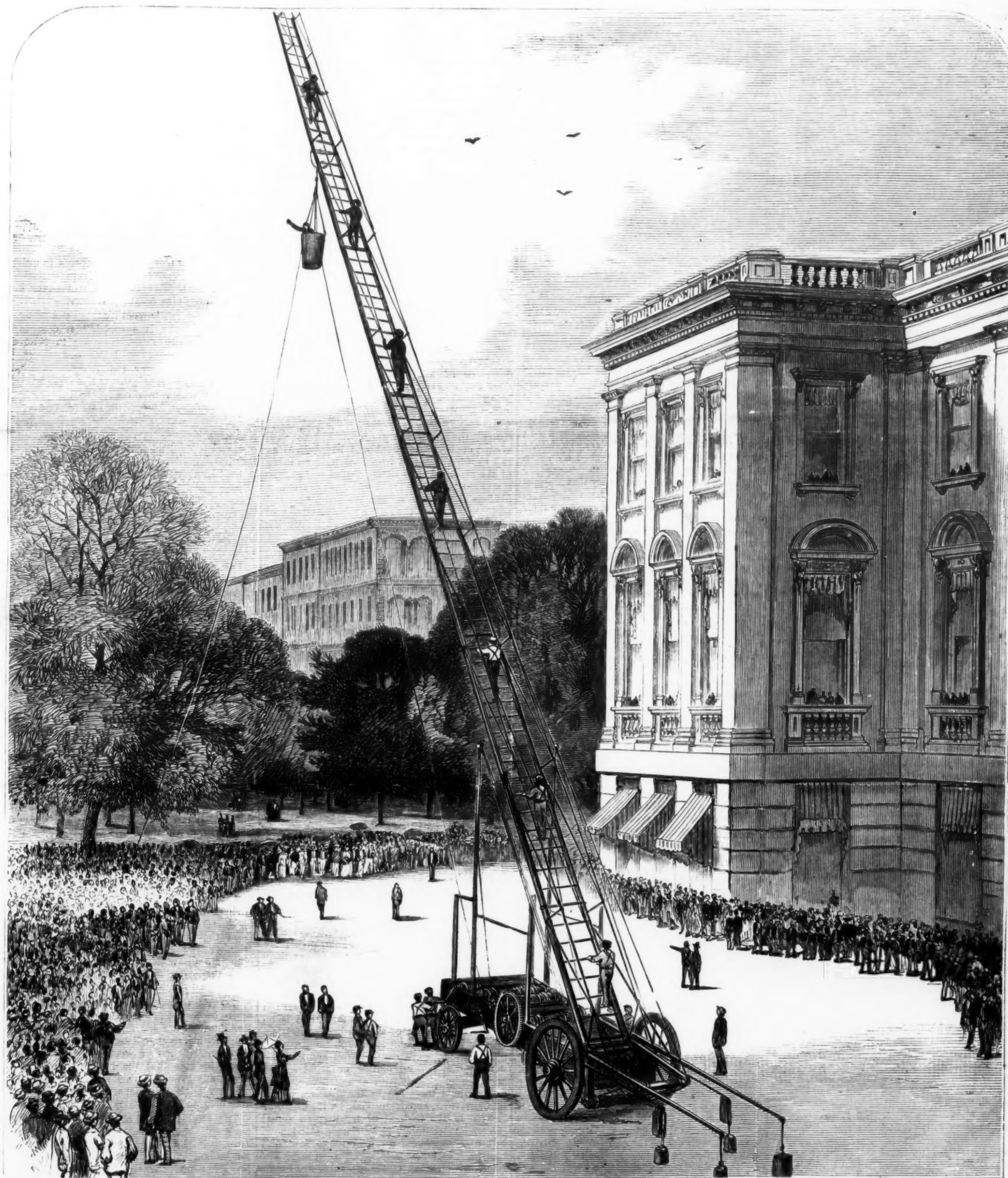
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—TRIAL OF AERIAL AND FLYING FIRE LADDERS IN THE CITY HALL PARK, JUNE 12TH.—SEE PAGE 251.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1873.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

That great favorite with the young members of every household, FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY (No. 350 for next week) comes with fresh attractions. Not only does it open with a new and stirring story of the days of old, THE YOUNG IRISH CHIEF, full of knights and paladins, fair ladies and desperate kerns—a Sir Walter Scott adapted to the youth of our day—but with the number is given an Eight-page Supplement with such an installment of favorite reading and humorous illustrations, that there will be an universal chorus of praise.

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THE PEOPLE VERSUS THE POLITICIANS.

IF the efforts of the strongest Democratic journals avail anything, "the Party" is not destined to die. Nor can we conceive how it is possible for a Democratic Party not to exist in this country. From the beginning of our constitutional government until the present time, there has been a popular element in favor of simplicity, of non-interference, and of a restriction of the powers of the Administration, and the motto of that element has been, "We are too much governed." To be sure, commonplace politicians have prated about this principle so much and so tediously, that it has lost heart and significance, but as a principle it must ever exist among us. The Anti-Federal Party, the Republican Party of Jefferson, and the Democratic Party of Calhoun, were one party relying upon the principle that we must have less government and a stronger people. We do not see how one of the parties of the future can escape being a party based upon that principle. Indeed, any opposition to the Republican Party of to-day must be shaped upon the idea of the strength of the people. And herein we believe we are right in saying, that the effort for organization must be a social one. The Republican Party is a party of centralization, and General Grant is carrying the brutality of government to its ultra limit. In opposition to the people, relying upon the military forces of the nation in order to aid national politics in the States, the Republican Party is military and political. Hence we see government monopoly opposed to socialism. If Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Forsyth, and other Democratic statesmen, are wise, they will go to the heart of the people, discover why workmen in the East who never expect to own anything west of the Mississippi are yet angrily demanding that no more of the public lands shall be squandered, that the people of a State shall have the liberty of choosing their own local officers, and that United States officers in a State shall attend to Federal affairs and not to local politics. The danger attending the Democratic movement is that the leaders of it may forget its social aspects in their efforts to obtain control of the political machinery of the Government. The war-cry must be, The people against the politicians.

MR. SAPSEA IN POLITICS.

NEARLY twenty years ago young Sapsea, with a flourish of rhetoric, graduated from school, and entered upon the arduous profession of politics. We remember to have heard him declaim his commencement oration, in which he rounded, with smooth and trilling tongue, the commonplace phrases, "striking abilities," "marked qualities," and "solitary man." There was much on Sapsea's tongue, and very little in his head. But Sapsea was persistent in politics, and he succeeded. For the benefit of future politicians of the respectable order, let it be recorded that he early in his career determined that he was the only man in the universe worthy of Sapsea's intense thought. What most people call selfishness, Sapsea called serving his country; and he had a way of saying that anybody who did a nice thing for him should get a nice thing in return. He cultivated men respectably prominent in letters, on the bench,

and in the profession; and it was noticed by those who had a way of observing him that the boy who blacked his boots always wore the most respectable clothes.

"For honors," said Sapsea, "I care but little; let me only be placed where I can best serve my party and my country." But it was always the case that he chose to be placed in the position where there was most pay. Indeed, it has been surprising to innocent people how Sapsea's ideas of patriotism and his ideas of income always agree. In this way alone have riches been thrust upon him. He does not love money for its own sake, but merely because the service which he can render to his party and his country may be known when it is estimated that his office is highly salaried. "I pay so much towards the expenses of my party," says Sapsea, "that I am dreadfully poor!" so poor, in fact, that he has been known to find a mutilated Government stamp in the streets, and to send his office-boy out to sell it for anything over the fraction of a penny, before the abolishment of the stamp law could go into effect.

Sapsea has a way of rounding his sentences smoothly. He says always, "Will you do this or that—for me?" Will you say something nice—for me? Will you go here or there—for me?" So that there have been persons who thought that Sapsea should have a motto on his coat-of-arms, in the words, representing the tone of his thought, "For me." Very thoughtful of himself is Sapsea. He has been known to discover secrets of well-known men, and to keep them hanging over their heads for personal use on any occasion. He may at any time compel a great poet or journalist to become a party at his dinner-table, in order to impress some of the political office-givers with his respectability.

Mr. Sapsea is a politician, though he calls himself a patriot; and how low the trade of politics is may be known when it is seen that men of the Sapsea stamp are its most respectable element. We have in our time known several Sapseas, whose character was not unlike that of the grave fool in "Edwin Drood;" and it is not unlikely that there are such alive to-day.

NEGLECTED PROFESSIONS.

WE hear on all sides the complaint that the various professions and trades are filled to overflowing. There are more lawyers than are needed—though perhaps this is always true, no matter how few their numbers may be; there are more doctors than even the most active and vigorous epidemic can find employment for; and there are more clergymen than there are sinners desirous of clerical aid. As for the trades, they are overstocked with men and women. Indeed, to listen to the popular complaint, one might easily fancy that Malthus and his practical disciples, the matrons of Massachusetts, have no slight reasons for their peculiar theories.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that there are a number of healthful occupations in which plenty of vacancies exist, and which might be made to give employment to hungry thousands. Do women clamor for employment? Let them become Circassian Beauties. This is a profession which is strangely neglected by the sex, and in point of fact it is nearly monopolized by one enterprising Long Island family. In order to be a Circassian Beauty it is only necessary that a woman should have blue eyes, a fondness for milk, and a placid and somewhat idiotic expression. Now, there are thousands of women who have blue eyes, and even a greater number who can acquire by practice the requisite idiocy of expression. Such women have only to comb their hair in the fashion introduced among Circassians by the museum; to drink milk with a dreamy, unconscious air; and to wear bright-colored dresses of much brevity, in order to earn an easy living in the employment of any enterprising showman. To be a Fiji Cannibal is another profession, which is open to both sexes. Mrs. Anthony herself would find her alleged sex no bar to her successful pursuit of the pleasures and duties of Fijian life. A few garments of outlandish pattern—and the fewer and slighter they are, the better they are adapted for the purpose—together with a little walnut-juice and a cheap war-club, are all the capital required. Furnished with these, and grown skillful by practice in curious howls and eccentric dances, any person may become a credit to his friends and a delight to the public by adopting the wild and exciting life of a traveling Fijian attached to a benevolent and scientific circus. To become a gorilla requires, it is true, a sacrifice of one's personal appearance, which would render the profession distasteful to most women. The professional gorilla-dress, of course, is a suit of tow, neatly sewn on to close-fitting buckskin foundation. It is a dress in which the beauty of both the female form and face is completely lost, and as the wearer is necessarily unable to change it in accordance with the exigencies of the climate, it follows that the gorilla suffers from cold in Winter and heat in Summer to an uncomfortable extent. The small-boy also renders the existence of any gorilla of sensitive feelings the reverse of pleasant. No gorilla likes to have sharp sticks inserted suddenly beneath his unsuspecting ribs, and to be compelled to eat unlimited peanuts and undesirable molasses candy in public. Moreover, there is always danger

that a small-boy, of an investigating turn of mind, may succeed in laying hold of the tow and buckskin, and suddenly reducing the unfortunate gorilla who is the subject of his experiment to a condition eminently calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a young person. Still, for an able-bodied man, there are many worse trades than that of the gorilla, and when we reflect upon the enormous interest taken by the public in this fascinating beast, and the exceedingly limited extent to which that interest is gratified, the brilliant openings which the profession offers to young men with a gift of howling should not be overlooked.

There is no reason, moreover, why these and kindred professions should be dependent upon the whims of circus managers and museum proprietors. The idea that no man can become a Gorilla, and no woman a Circassian Beauty, unless a showman desires such an attraction, is unworthy of the age. Mr. Wopple was accustomed to show that the Church ought to be thrown open to men of talent like himself. Similarly the wild-beast and heathen professions need to be thrown open to all capable and discerning persons. There is no doubt that a traveling combination of Circassian Beauties, Fiji Cannibals, Nurses of George Washington, Gorillas, Converted and Partially Civilized Mermaids, Oldest Living Freemasons, and Men over a Century Old who Chop a Cord of Wood Daily, could travel and exhibit themselves, free from all outside managerial control, with immense success. A Circassian Beauty could distribute bills, and negotiate for favorable notices with country editors; a Fijian with club could discharge the duties of a doorkeeper with excellent moral effect upon a riotous rural population; an Oldest Living Freemason could act as conductor of the entertainment; and singing, of an appropriate character, could be furnished by a choir of Nurses of George Washington and Converted Mermaids. Whereas but one Circassian and a single Gorilla can now find employment in any one circus, a practically unlimited quantity of those pleasant beasts, attractive heathens and imposing centenarians could be united in a single co-operative show. Then life would be an easy one. Then profits would be large, and could be supplemented by attaching to the exhibition a training-school, to which parents could send their children to be fitted for wild-beast and cannibal duties. By all means these neglected professions should be thrown open to the honest and industrious of all classes. Then would men who are now forced to become editors and lawyers earn a pleasant living in the congenial profession of the gorilla; and women, who now pursue, for lack of other occupation, the devastating career of mothers-in-law, could lead useful and happy lives as Fiji cannibals. Then would we have no more of the crowded state of the trades and professions, but the unemployed of either sex would become blessings to themselves and all around them by adopting the now neglected trades of professional Mermaids and Circassian Beauties.

AN EVIL POSTPONED.

IT would seem that a threat of cholera has again returned to Christendom from some unknown parts of the world. It is in Poland; it has, uninvited, made itself a visitor to the Grand Exhibition at Vienna. It has appeared in Louisville, and Memphis, and seems gradually to be approaching the North. There is nothing to surprise us in this, for the cholera was expected in America last year, and some preparations were made to receive it, and dismiss it as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, it is not one of those visitors who will be satisfied with a simple "Not at home." You might as well send down that word to your mother-in-law, as to it. The postponement of the visit last year is, in fact, more reason why this epidemic, which appears to be governed by laws periodical in their operation, should show its repulsive face at our gates before long.

But that in some shape and in some degree cholera is likely to be scattered over the United States this Summer, is not cause for any special alarm. The disease has ceased to be a pestilence, its name a terror to the people, and its nature a mystery to the physicians. On each successive appearance in Western Europe and America, it has decreased in violence and fatality. Epidemics invariably seem to expend their greatest force at their birth, and in this differ from pulmonary consumption and kindred diseases, which always exist in due proportion to the increase of population. Cholera has come to us each time, since 1832, in a milder form, and is no longer the despair of the medical profession. Science is its master. Its symptoms, progress, phases and dangers are known; and no intelligent physician, no matter of what school, hesitates to treat it with as much confidence as he would treat any of the diseases which, like our vices, are domesticated with us. Nor is it only the method of treating an actual case of cholera that is well understood now, but the methods of prevention are also known. Clean streets, good sewerage, are important; and of still more value are habits of temperance and cleanliness in individuals. There are journals of health which tell what these habits are; but we should hardly think a journal of health necessary to teach a per-

son of common sense what constitutes temperance in eating, drinking and living.

If the cholera should come, it will come like the comet which, a few years ago, struck the earth without anybody knowing it till the astronomers informed them. The degree of choleric mortality in any town will greatly depend upon the hygienic care which is taken, but it may be assumed as certain that it is not to be a devastator of society, but simply an epidemic form of a disease of which sporadic cases occur annually in every part of the country. It would be as impossible to deny its existence as it would be foolish to exaggerate its dangers, and nothing could be more unseasonable than to look upon it with superstitious fear. For one fatal case of cholera there will be scores of deaths from diseases which are so familiar to us that we despise them. Yet they are not the less dangerous. The paths to death are innumerable, but they are also invisible; he who fears he will die of the cholera may live to be peaceably hung, and the man who has a presentiment that he will be violently killed may be carried off at the end of a hundred years by excessive indulgence in too much old age. All that society can do with these exceptional messengers of fate is to prepare itself to receive them; and if the cholera should come this way, our advice is to do with it as Mr. Dick said should be done with David Copperfield. That would be to Wash It.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

The Atlanta *Sun* is to nett Alexander H. Stephens more money. We congratulate the *Sun* for its raise.

It is very mean to insinuate that the corner grocers in General Grant's native town are trying to get their back pay.

The new Treaty of Alliance between the Governments of Germany and Italy seems to mean that the war on secular Catholicism has not ended.

The Prussian Government proposes to quiet Alsace-Lorraine by giving it a representation in Parliament. But Bismarck will never be able to Germanize Alsace-Lorraine.

SAYS a Western journal: "What the Republican Party lacks is a creed." It certainly does not require much credence to believe this. The Party does not lack greed.

The newspapers of the country are deliberately and persistently asking what General Grant wants to do with so many dogs. Why, men dears, he sometimes gets blind—

As THE hot weather comes on, the newspapers will begin to say, that Sydney Smith, one warm day, made use of the expression that he would like to take off his flesh, and sit in his bones; but that is "too thin."

HERBERT SPENCER, in his recent work on Sociology, has given various biases as affecting social action: political bias, class bias, patriotic bias, etc. If he had only been in America, he might have added the back-pay bias.

It seems that the Vienna financial panic was caused by bankers speculating with the money of their customers. The English journals see no method of averting disaster through speculations but by that of sustaining high rates of discount.

THE *Herald*, in reply to Secretary Fish's saying that all the *Herald* needs, to be a first-class power, is an army and navy, remarks that it already has an army and navy. Fish was stupid. What the *Herald* really lacks is "cheek."

BEN. BUTLER is a Doctor of Laws, and now wants to be a Doctor of Divinity. If he can doctor divinity as he has doctored the laws, he will succeed as a political physician. But what we specially need is a surgeon, to cut Butler off.

WHILE the Jesuit Fathers are turning their steps towards Spanish America, Mexico is enforcing her law against monastic associations. This will drive the Fathers towards South America; and already the political prophets are beginning to say that South America will be the great Roman Catholic Continent, with its City of the Holy See.

As a specimen of political check, nothing perhaps equals this: The Board of Aldermen of New York wishing to get a legal opinion from the Counsel to the Corporation as to whether the Mayor had a charter right to nominate a new Commissioner of Jurors, gets back the advice to go on and confirm the particular man nominated by the Mayor!

GRANT'S United States District Attorney's office in New York appears to be well run. Mr. Bliss allows his subordinates to go into court with wrong indictments, and then, after an adjournment of a week for correcting the error, to find that the indictment does not cover any ground. This is the effect of appointing slick politicians, and not great and able men, to office.

THE English Board of Admiralty, while experimenting on war-ships, discovers that the *Devastation* has fine qualities for ramming and for gunnery, but that a heavy sea is likely to force her under water. In calm weather she is known to throw tons of water from her bow into the air and over the ship, and it is thought that in a storm there wouldn't be enough water for her to throw.

MAYOR HAVEMEYER has addressed a circular-sermon to the politicians who hold office, advising them to be honest and inexpensive. Is it possible that the Mayor has lived so long not to know that he was using so much public paper and ink for nothing? The politicians will make just as much money as they can.

THE public is never satisfied without one prominent literary work to read and talk about sentimentally. Mr. Kinglake gave way to Mr. Arnold, and he in turn to somebody else. M. Lanfrey, with the first volume of his "History of Napoleon I.," was the wonder of a year ago, and now that he comes with a second volume, we find no one disposed to dispute with him the literary supremacy of the month. The work is certainly wonderful in its execution; but it lacks something that we find even in Scott—that is, detail. The French mind, which M. Lanfrey has, hates detail.

THERE can be no doubt that President MacMahon means well, but he knows only one thing—the monarchy of France. He has no republican training, no republican ideas; he knows only the kingly splendor of his country. It is not strange that with his ascendancy the monarchists take heart. The people are not with him; and it remains to be seen whether it is possible for a Marshal of the Empire to be President without a public uprising or a transfer of power to a person whose insignia of office shall be the crown.

ROWELL'S "American Newspaper Directory, for 1873," is as indispensable to business men as it is to students of journalism.

PERSONS going to the Adirondacks would do well to take with them some oil of periwinkle and castor-oil, mixed in equal parts, as a protection against mosquitoes and black-flies.

THE Times has at present, it is said, but four stockholders—E. B. Morgan, George Jones, Mrs. Taylor, widow of James Taylor, and Andrew V. Stout, President of the Shoe and Leather Bank.

THIS is a verse out of Joaquin Miller's new "Songs of the Sun Lands":

Then the great sun died, and a rose-red bloom
Grew over his grave in a border of gold;
And a cloud with a silver-white rim was rolled,
Like a great gray stone at the door of a tomb.

SINCE no sermon was preached over the remains of the late James W. Wallack by a clergyman, our late Mayor Hall came to the rescue, and he has written one in his peculiar style. It does not appear, however, that the ex-Mayor purposes to take orders, except legal ones.

THE Savannah Republican made its farewell bow last week to the public; it has addressed for seventy-two years. The pen of the editor is not visible, but the proprietor's name is appended to a valedictory, in which he announces that the Republican will be merged into the Advertiser, its youngest and lushest rival.

PHENICIAN INSCRIPTIONS IN BRAZIL.

SOME time since it was stated that certain inscriptions had been discovered in Brazil, which, upon examination, proved to be Phœnician, and to record the presence there, five centuries before Christ, of a Phœnician colony. In the New York Evening Post the circumstances of the discovery are given as follows:

"Visconde de Sapereahy, a member of the Emperor's Council of State, received, three months ago, a letter from Parahyba, inclosing a drawing of the inscription upon a stone which the writer's slaves had come upon during their agricultural labors on his farm, and which drawing had been taken by the writer's son, a young man who could draw a little. This copy was turned over to the Historical Society of Rio, and by it to Senhor Ladislao Netto, Director of the Rio Museum, for an examination. On examining it, he found the letters to be pure Phœnician.

"The inscription is of a commemorative stone—a rough monument erected by some Phœnicians of Sidonia, apparently exiles or refugees from their native land, between the ninth and tenth years of the reign of a king named Hiram. These rash or unfortunate Canaanites—the patronymic which they have used to designate themselves—left the port of Aziongaber (now Akaba,) a port upon the Red Sea, and sailed for twelve months (lunar months) along the land of Egypt—that is, Africa. The number of vessels they had and the number of males and females composing the adventurous expedition are all set forth in a concise and seemingly elegant style, these particulars being placed intermediate between the invocation—some at the beginning, and the others at the end of the inscription of the Alonim Valonuth—that is, gods and goddesses, or *superos superasques*, as is the Latin translation of those well-known Phœnician words. The inscription is in eight lines of most beautiful Phœnician letters, but without separation of the words, without the vowel points, and without quiescent letters—three great obstacles to the interpretation, to overcome which a mere knowledge of Biblical Hebrew is insufficient.

"Writing to the finder on the subject, Senhor Netto expresses the opinion that the voyage was made during the reign of the second Hiram, who succeeded Solomon's ally on the throne of Phœnicia. He explains their crossing, of which they themselves appeared to be unaware, by resort to Maury's observations on oceanic currents. Like Cabral, in fleeing from the storm reigning from the Cape of Good Hope up to Senegambia, they steered into the high sea, and, seized by the famous equatorial current, which sometimes flows with extraordinary swiftness, they unexpectedly came upon the Brazilian shores. Senhor Netto writes to Ernest Rénan and to Father Barges, giving them some words of his version, and asking their advice how to make his efforts of the most service to science."

BAGEHOT ON REFORM LEGISLATION.

THE task of revising, of adequately revising, the legislation of this age, is not only that which an aristocracy has no facility in doing, but one which it has a difficulty in doing. Look at the statute-book for 1863—the statutes at large for the year. You will find, not pieces of literature, not nice and subtle matters, but coarse matters, crude heaps of heavy business. They deal with trade, with finance, with statute law reform, with common law reform; they deal with various sorts of business, but with business always. And there is no educated human being less likely to know business, worse placed for knowing business, than a young lord. Business is really more agreeable than pleasure; it interests the whole mind, the aggregate nature of man more continuously, and more deeply. But it does not look as if it did. It is difficult to convince a young man, who can have the best of pleasure, that it will. A young lord just come into £30,000 a year will not, as a rule, care much for the law of "passing tolls," or the law of prisons. Like Hercules, he may choose virtue, but hardly Hercules could choose business. He has everything to allure him from it, and nothing to allure him to it. And even if he wish to give himself to business, he has indifferent means. Pleasure is near him, but business is far from him. Few things are more amusing than the ideas of a well-intentioned young man, who is born out of the business world, but who wishes to take to business, about business. He has hardly a notion in what it consists. It really is the adjustment of certain particular means to equally certain particular ends. But hardly any young man destitute of experience is able to separate end and means. It seems to him a kind of mystery; and it is lucky if he do not think that the forms are the main part, and that the end is but secondary. There are plenty of business men, falsely so called, who will advise him so. The subject seems a kind of maze. "What would you recommend me to read?" the nice youth asks; and it is impossible to explain to him that reading has nothing to do with it, that he has not yet the original ideas in his mind to read about; that administration is an art as painting is an art; and that no book can teach the practice of either.

ORIGIN OF THE DUTCH "BEGGARS."

BREDERODE became the popular leader, and is more identified than any of the others with the Leaguers or Confederates, known under the name of "The Beggars" (*les Gueux*). It was Brederode who presented the petition to the Regent at the head of three hundred gentlemen. It was he who christened the Confederates by the name of "The Beggars." At a banquet held after their interview with Margaret, the question came to be what they should call themselves, Society of Concord, or what? There was a vast company, and the mirth and excitement ran high. When the question was proposed, Brederode—who had arranged matters beforehand—got up and recounted to his companions how one of the councillors had said to the Duchess when they presented their petition that they were "nothing but a crowd of beggars." The indignation was at first universal; but he cried out, "They call us beggars, let us accept the name." Then summoning his page, he produced a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl, such as were used by the religious mendicants in the Netherlands. The jest took immensely. The wallet was fitted on and the bowl filled and sent round the company, who, amidst a hurricane of applause, drank to each other's health with cries of "Vivent les Gueux!" Such was the origin of a name which was destined ere long to become terrible. The "Beggars" were found banded together in almost every city. To representation and remonstrance now succeeded threatening and riot. Brederode and his followers were but blind leaders of a blind multitude. The mutterings which had been so long swelling underground at length burst in the iconoclastic excesses of Antwerp and Tournay.

THE SALAMANDER.

A SIMPLE circumstance in the economy of the salamander gave rise to the fables which, attributing to it the power of extinguishing flame, asserted that it was spontaneously generated from fire; and which further bestowed on it a frame of ice; thus rendering it the chosen poetic emblem of constancy and unshrinking courage. Yet even the ancients were at variance about these wonderful legends, as is shown by a passage in the celebrated and much-discussed letter which professes to be written by Prester John, and addressed to the Greek Emperor, Alexis Comnenus.

"Near the torrid zone," says this marvelous piece of declamation, are "worms, which in our tongue are called salamanders; these worms can only live in fire." The first opinion was, however, evidently the more prevalent one, and scarcely one century had passed away since the little animal was very generally sold, under the idea that the fiercest conflagration might be subdued by simply throwing it into the devouring element. And in the first volume of "Philosophical Transactions," published in 1667, Steno gravely tells of an Italian friend of his who, having procured a salamander from the Indies, cast it into the fire, whereupon the poor little thing, swelling its body, surrounded itself with a "thick slimy matter," which immediately put out the fire of coals on which it was laid; upon which its owner, "unwilling to hazard it any further," put it away, and kept it alive for nine months after its fiery ordeal.

Nor was this the only supernatural quality which it was supposed to possess, for Pliny (in his "Natural History") tells us that its poison was so violent that it would kill whole nations by merely depositing its venom on the vegetables of the land; an employment which, if we may credit the disposition formerly attributed to the poor creature, must have been highly congenial.

It is also asserted by Matthioli, the Italian author, and even by later writers, that the bite of the salamander is more poisonous than that of any viper;

but M. de Manpertuis proved that the fragile teeth were incapable of penetrating the skins of any except the most tender animals, and that the bite is perfectly innocuous, as is also the flesh of the animal, which he caused a dog to eat. The milky fluid which exudes from the pores of its sides and back is somewhat acrid, and causes, according to Laccapede, a burning sensation on the tongue. This substance, which was administered to several animals, occasioned the death of a small lizard which was compelled to swallow it. It is stated by the annotators of Cuvier, that this fluid may be shot out to the distance of several inches from its body; and, according to Gesner, it acts as a depilatory. No reliance, however, is to be placed on these statements.

LAND IN CALIFORNIA.

IT cannot be denied that the greater part of the land under cultivation in this State is deteriorating in quality—that is, with every successive year it has less capacity for production. The diminishing in quality may be slow, but ten or fifteen years of cropping tells the story. The native pastures of this State are not as good as they were ten years ago. The wild oats which covered so many hill-sides have nearly disappeared, because they were not left to produce seed. When the wild oats disappeared, no new grass made its appearance—coarse and bitter herbage came in, which afforded very little sustenance for cattle. The hill pastures, which have been overstocked with cattle, show how difficult it has been to find substitutes. It is held that where lands have been grazed by sheep, there has been a slow process of renewal, and that the disadvantage of close cropping is balanced by the new fertilizing elements added. If a farm of the average value of \$10 an acre were well set in alfalfa, its value would be brought up to about \$300 an acre. In Kern County an acre set in alfalfa will sustain twenty sheep. An intelligent agriculturist in that county says that he can afford to pay for such land an annual rental of \$25 an acre, or an interest of over eight per cent. on a valuation of \$300 an acre. This is bringing land up both in quality and price in a satisfactory way. If alfalfa is pastured, there will be no danger of exhausting the soil. The fertilizing material will be abundant to keep it in the best condition. You cannot bring wheat land up to any such value. Except in a few instances, there is no wheat land in the State which, having been cropped ten years, is as good now for wheat-growing as it was ten years ago. There are handsome farms in the Napa valley where the capacity for wheat production has fallen off fifty per cent. Now, there is something wrong in that system of agriculture—if there is any system about it—which deteriorates the quality of the land from year to year. The State Agricultural Society might well offer its largest premiums for the best-managed farms, and especially for that kind of husbandry which brings land every year into a better condition, while the cultivator is taking from it the largest crops. Cheap land and cheap farming have had a very close relation in this State. The locusts in some part of the country eat up a growing crop, but the farming locusts, who eat up land, will be succeeded by a class who know how to restore it.

THE TWO POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

FEDERALISM—a stage of transition between the primitive dispersion of the peoples and unity—is not a political principle. It is a simple fact, traceable on one point to diversity of race, language, and religion, and on another to vast extension of territory, and the diversity of origin and geographical condition of its inhabitants; and even in these cases, the more recent and normal manifestations of the popular tendency show a gradual approach toward unity among federated nations.

The political conception of the organization of guarantees against the Government overlooks the educational mission of the State, creates a permanent obstacle to progress, and implants a fatal dualism in the heart of the nation.

The theory which sums up international relations in *non-intervention*, denies alike the idea of duty and of human fraternity.

Unlimited competition, unregulated or moderated by association, infallibly results in the sanction of the economic dominion of the few who possess means, over the many who possess little more than the labor of their hands; and ultimately tends, through an unjust and unequal distribution of produce, to dry up the sources of production.

On the other hand, the confusion of the idea of unity of principles and of aim, with *administrative centralization*, extinguishes all political liberty, education, and vitality in those smaller centres naturally formed in the bosom of every country. A uniform organization of labor, imposed by decree, destroys all stimulus of emulation, progress, and legitimate interest.—Mazzini.

A NEW IDEA IN BUILDING.

WE see it stated in the scientific journals that wire netting for plastering is being rapidly introduced to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place on the wall, is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting, with one-inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer the best. For ornamental cornice-work it is especially valuable, for it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to an iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire, resembling barrels, and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses, they make excellent building material for breakwaters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron-framed buildings, covering them with wire netting and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house—walls, floors, roofs, doors, partition,

and all—has been built that is strong, firm, and absolutely incombustible. Various applications of the use of wire netting and plaster or cement readily suggest themselves, and the matter is worthy of the attention of mechanics and builders.

BEECHER AND THE DEVIL.

MR. BEECHER is what Mr. Spurgeon would probably call "weak" on the devil. He says "the devil is distributive in our days—some of him is in governments, some of him is in judges," etc.; in other places he seems to hold to one devil, or prince of devils, but evidently believes in many other devils or evil powers, invisible personalities ranged against man. He observes, no doubt, that there are plenty of devils in the body about, and if there is any spiritual world, the obvious inference is that there are plenty more devils out of the body about. We do not know that he is very far from sound doctrine here, but on the question of Infidelity he will probably be weighed in the balance with orthodoxy and found wanting. We shall not venture to do more than to give his definition of Infidelity, and leave him to his worst enemies, observing only that he is careful to condemn "the roystering infidelity of vulgar and ignorant men," and also "the cold indifference of educated materialism."

"Unbelief," he says—such unbelief as abounds amongst the intelligent young men of our days—"unbelief is the drifting of sensitive natures, famished, and hungering, and searching for something that shall feed them."—H. R. Havelis.

BEAUTY OF CHINESE BRIDGES.

SOME of the bridges in China are of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. There is one near Pekin built entirely of white marble, elaborately ornamented. Others are found over the canals of still greater magnificence, and with a grand triumphal arch at each end; and some, instead of being built with arches, are flat from one side of the canal to the other, marble flags of great length being laid on piers so narrow and airy that the bridge looks as if it were suspended in the air. From the amazing facilities afforded by the numerous canals for transportation of goods by water, these bridges do not require to be built of great strength, for only foot-passengers use the bridges, which is the reason they are of such an elegant and fanciful construction. These bridges are built with a number of arches, the central arch being about forty feet wide, and high enough for vessels to pass without striking their masts. The great elevation of these bridges renders steps necessary. They resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of Venice, on which you ascend by steps on one side, and descend on the other in the same way. Chain bridges were not made in this country for more than eighteen centuries after they were known in China.

THE FRENCH INDEMNITY TO GERMANY.

HERE is the briefest statement of the French indemnity payment that has yet been made public. The *Journal Officiel*, the French Government newspaper, declares that of the three milliards which remained to be paid Germany, one was entirely discharged last Autumn. The second has been already paid. The third and last milliard (the fifth of the entire indemnity) will be delivered to the German Treasury in four equal payments—on the 5th of June, 5th of July, 5th of August and 5th of September of the present year. In return, the Emperor of Germany has engaged to evacuate, on the 5th of July next, the four departments—Vosges, Ardennes, Meuse and Meurthe-et-Moselle—as well as the fortress and arrondissement of Belfort. The evacuation is to be effected within four weeks from that date. As a pledge for the last two monthly payments, the fortress of Verdun and the military district around will alone continue to be occupied until the 5th of September. They shall be evacuated within two weeks from that date.

OBITUARY.

IN the death of William P. Blodget the community has sustained a loss which will weigh heavily upon it. In the sixty-third year of his age, he expired, recently, without suffering, and comparatively unconscious, yielding to the effects of a malignant carbuncle. Few would be missed by so many people, in so many grades of life, as the deceased.

He will be ever remembered for his sociability in all ranks of society, by his energetic disposition, his bright temperament, and the sympathy he always evinced for the various interests and enterprises of the day.

His presence was genial and impressive, his manner was prompt and dashing, and his executive ability of the very best order. He was persevering under all circumstances, and was led on against adversity and disaster by an indomitable confidence, which was never at a loss on any emergency.

SUB ROSA, BY GERALD MASSEY.

THE flower you placed within my button-hole
Has faded; but there lives within my soul
Another rose, unfolding hour by hour—
Your beauty's self in its immortal flower,
That makes me rich with an unfathomed wealth,
And happy in the heaven of its health.
So living warm this dainty flower glows,
As if a sunbeam blushed into a rose;
With fragrance like a waft from heaven afar,
And look as lustrous as the morning-star.
I do not come to crown your beauty, Sweet!
Nor thank you for it, kneeling at your feet;
But pray that on Love's bosom it may rest,
As thornless as its likeness in my breast;
And ask Him who such promise here hath given
To let me see the Flower fulfilled in heaven.

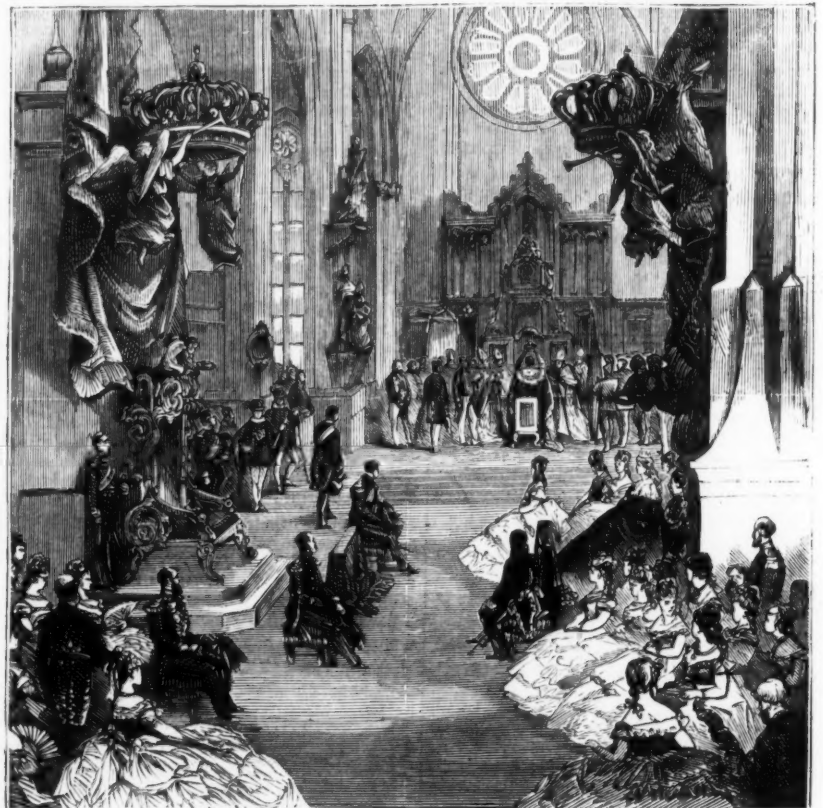
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 251.



GERMANY.—SCENE ON THE DECK OF A STEAMER ON THE DANUBE.



ASIA.—PILGRIMS TO MECCA.



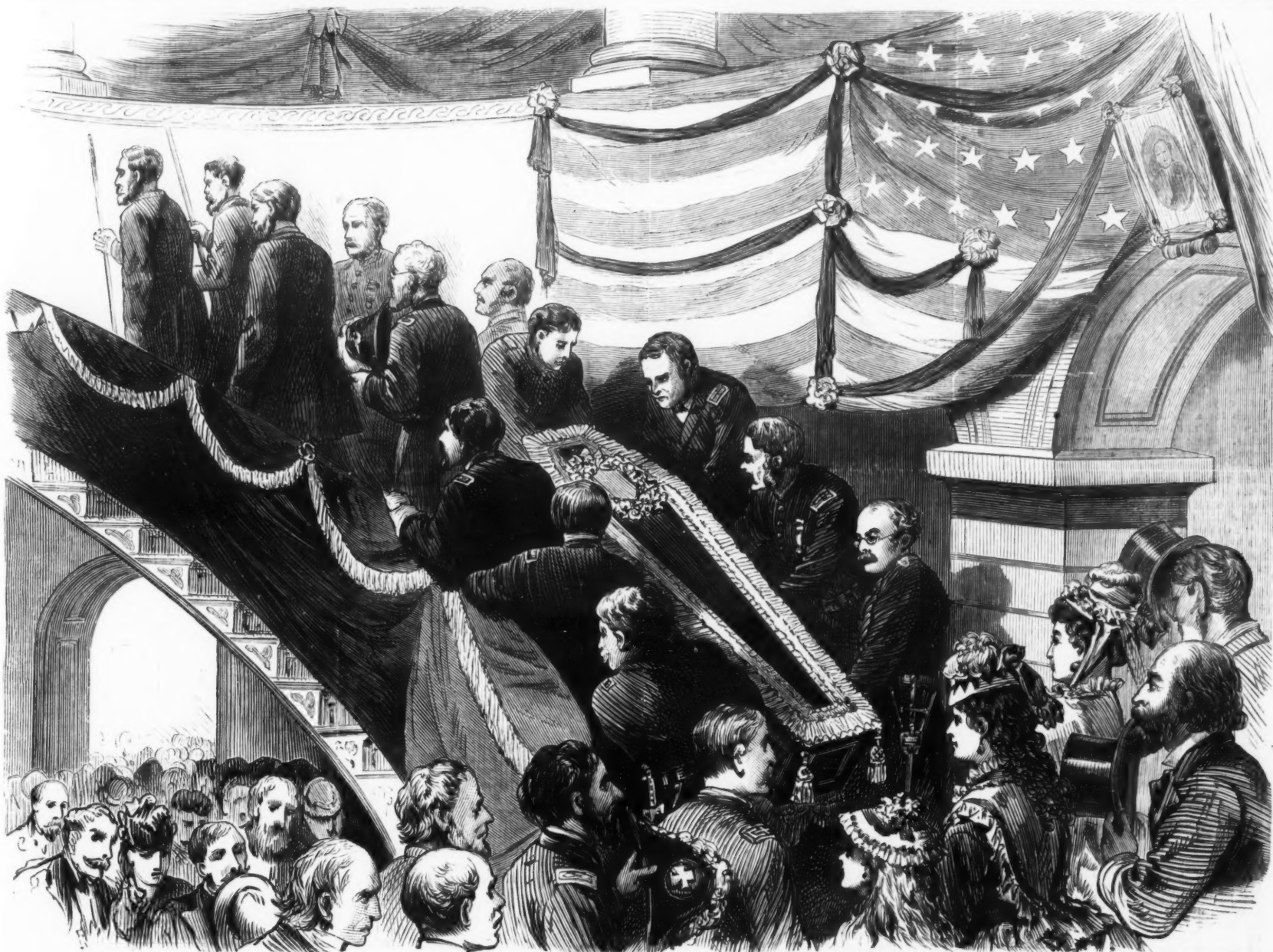
SWEDEN.—CORONATION OF KING OSCAR II.



AUSTRIA.—STREET-CLEANING IN VIENNA.



GERMANY.—ALSACE—FISH-MARKET IN STRASBOURG.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE U. S. MINISTER ORR.—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE CITY HALL, BY MAYOR HAVEMEYER AND THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

THE LATE U. S. MINISTER ORR.
RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS BY THE
AUTHORITIES OF NEW YORK AND
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

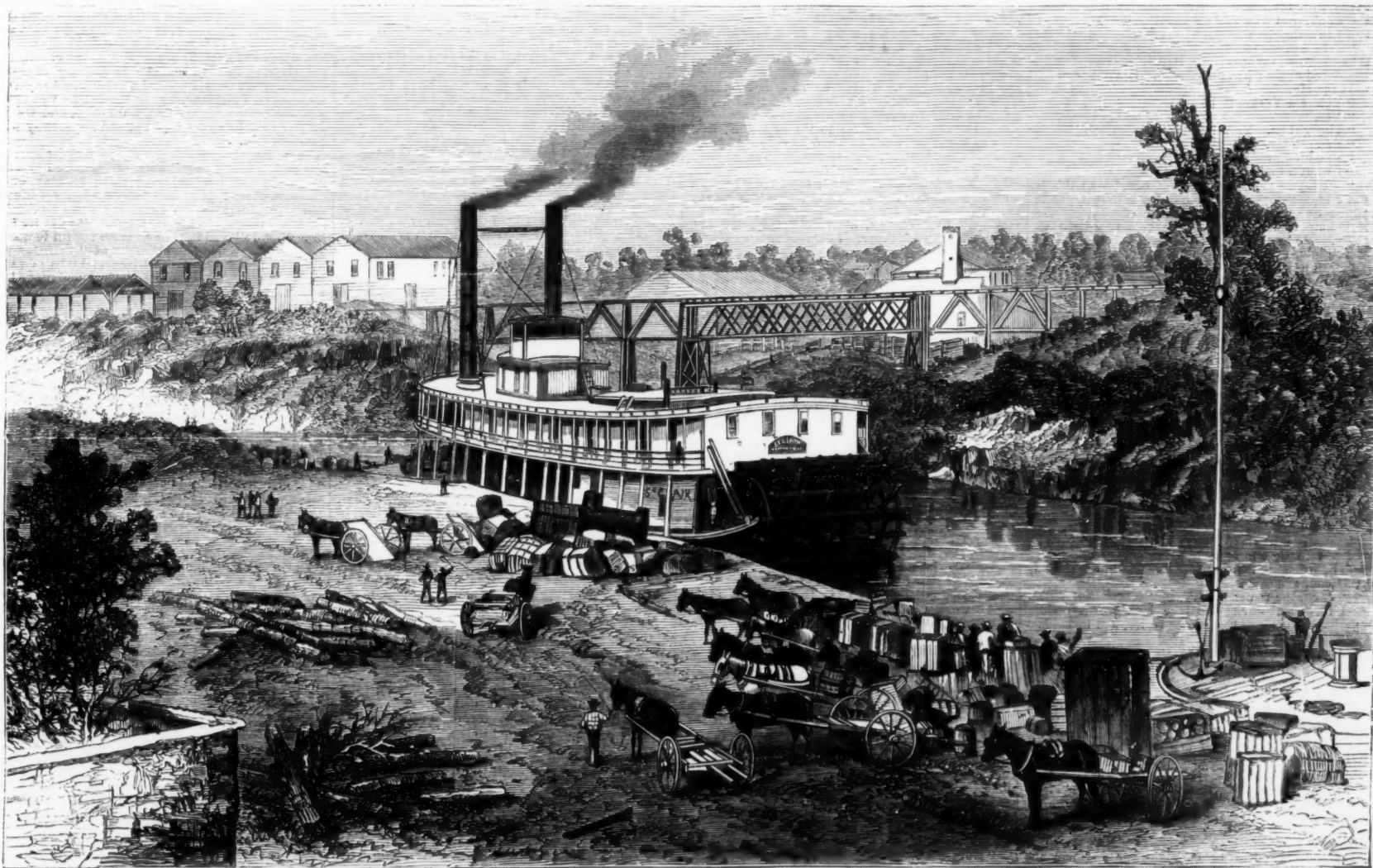
THE mortal remains of the late James Lawrence Orr, of South Carolina, United States Minister to Russia, who died in St. Petersburg, May 5th (April 23rd, O. S.), reached New York City on the 11th of June. At nine o'clock, A. M., the escort of

Knights Templar, embracing delegations from Clinton, Palestine, Morton, York, Columbian, Ivanhoe, Cœur de Lion, and Constantine Commanderies, assembled in the Governor's Room, City Hall, and, after arranging some preliminary business, marched to the Battery, where a Government steamer was in waiting to convey them to the dock of the *Thuringia*, at Hoboken. The party numbered about seventy persons, including the son of the deceased and Colonel Childs, the representative of South Carolina. While the casket was being lowered to the deck of the

small steamer, the bell tolled, and the Knights paid their impressive respects to their deceased companion. On arriving at the Battery, the body was borne ashore by six Eminent Commanders, through the open ranks of the Knights, to the hearse. The line of march was then taken up for the City Hall.

The broad balcony, the columns, the winding stairs, and the door of the Governor's Room, were heavily hung with black cloth, relieved with silver fringe. In the Rotunda and at the head of the first flight of steps, an American flag was displayed on

either side of a fine photograph of Mr. Orr. The coffin was very heavy, and most elaborately embellished. It was covered with thick, black cloth. Festoons of silver fringe were arranged on the sides and ends; there were three immense silver handles on each side, and one at each end. The coffin was furnished with six feet of silver, fashioned after a lion's claw. Large tassels of silver depended from the upper corners. As soon as the casket was placed on the catafalque, the chapeau, two swords and belt of the dead Knight were placed upon the



TEXAS.—HEAD OF NAVIGATION, BUFFALO BAYOU, HOUSTON.—SEE PAGE 255.

lid. At the head was a wreath of faded flowers sent from the Imperial conservatory at St. Petersburg; a little lower was another wreath of white flowers, with the square and compass in the centre, contributed by a friend on the arrival of the remains. At the head of the catafalque were two stands of State colors, and the arms of New York and South Carolina. Deputy Grand Master Thorne presented the remains to Mayor Havemeyer and the Common Council. A guard of honor from Palestine Commandery were detailed for the first watch, and in the afternoon permission was given to allow the citizens to view the casket. The lid was not removed.

The Sir Knights kept up the watch, serving three hours at a detail, until Friday, when the funeral services were held in the Church of the Disciples.

In addition to the large numbers of Masons who joined in the procession from the City Hall to the church, the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., turned out in full uniform as special escort.

JACK SULLY'S "HAMLET."

By J. C. G.

DURING one of the heavy snow-storms of last winter, it happened that I had gone on business to a city near New York, and that, when towards evening, the railway was blocked, I was unable to return. I had no acquaintance in that city, and I sought, in vain, at the two best hotels for a night's lodging. They were full, and they could not even afford me a seat at the dining-table. In my perplexity I wandered toward the depot, hoping that some train would venture to break through the drifts, and get to New York. But I was told that there were no engines, and that if there were, it would be impossible to get under the snow for either wood or water.

The stationmaster kindly said to me:

"You might find a clean bed at Jack Sully's; and the town will not be blocked so that you cannot go to see 'Hamlet,' at the Opera House; and in the morning we shall push through."

It was slowly growing dark, and I saw the friendly street-lamps, here and there, one after another break into light, revealing the deathly pallor of the snow. One suddenly burst into brightness immediately near me, and aided me to see a low, brown, two-storied frame building, with a long stoop, and a pair of glazed windows, feebly lighted from within. Over the door was a brown, wooden shield, surmounted by the gilded head of a unicorn, and bearing the inscription: "The Spinner's Arms. J. Sully." On a tin sign near a small doorway I read: "Headquarters of Sully's Band." I opened the larger door, and entered a square barroom; and I was at first prompted to retreat. But the floor was cleanly sanded, the pewter on the bar was bright as new silver, and the plump little stove was as rosy-red as the face of the genial-looking, black-haired man who stood near it. When the idea that this was a second-class barroom wore away, and I saw that I could find warmth and shelter within its wooden walls, there came to me a feeling that the place was scrupulously clean. I saw, too, that the man with the dark and rosy face and gypsy hair was an English democrat, and at a glance I determined that he must be approached tenderly. It is so easy to offend a democrat. I had some political training, having once belonged to a ward reform association of thirty members; and, as there were only twenty-nine offices in the ward, having found myself eventually the sole remaining depository of the books and debts of the organization. So I approached this rubicund democrat with scrupulous sagacity, for a politician.

"A mug of half-and-half," I said, without any tone of hypercritical refinement.

"Of what?" asked the man, with a querulous twinkle in his black eye.

"A mug of half-and-half," I repeated, with assurance of not being taken for a stranger to the liquid technically composed of half porter and half ale, in a mug.

"O-h-h," said my man, turning to the pump-handle; "a point o' auf-and-auf."

In his pronunciation there was a tone of familiarity with the name and quantitative methods of the drink, that was finely critical of my ignorance; and I saw that he pitied me for my trial and failure.

"Take a point yourself," I said, in an apologetic retreat from my previous blunder. But I had blundered again; he saw clear through me, and he took the ale.

"You're a Yorker?" he said.

"Yes."

"Thought so. Your langwidge is foarin'."

"You are Mr. Sully?"

He nodded proudly.

"I want a bed here to-night."

"Well, you prob'ly won't get one, f-o-a-r this is not a lodgin'-ouse. Do one come in here an' say, 'Jack Sully, I want a point,' be that point the sickpinny or the eighpinny, he gets it from Jack Sully. Do 'e come 'ere, an' approachin' me, say, 'Mr. Sully, I want to 'ave the pleasure o' your admiral's band,' be that band th' brass for paradin', or the string for the festive 'all, Mr. Sully does that same for 'm. B-u-t, do a Yorker, what's prob'ly a cap't'n, in a foarin' air, an' an' an' an' name, say, 'I want a bed 'ere to-night.' I says to him—me, Jack Sully, says to 'im—you want that there bed fur nought—you gits none as I knows."

I tried to remember how twenty-nine of the select thirty of our ward committee got into bed—I mean office—but, as they had never consulted me, I failed; and at that moment a plump, English-faced woman came into the bar. I approached her plaintively, and said, "Miss," thinking to flatter her in regard to her age.

Her finger was up in a moment, and she tartly replied:

"I'm none o' your misses, sir. I'm a married woman."

"Well," I stammered, "that's what I meant. I'm here in this snow-storm; I can't go anywhere else; it is now six o'clock; and I want a place to come to, after I have seen 'Hamlet.'"

The woman's face was all smiles. She looked at the man, and said:

"Jack, the upper front."

I looked at Jack; his face had grown rosier; perhaps, the stove had grown rosier, and he said:

"Betsey, the upper front."

And he turned to me, all smiles. Thus fortune, which will not always favor the brave, sometimes favors those who make an accidental hit.

So I asked for another pint with Jack, and sat down to make a night of it. On the wall I saw a great yellow placard, bearing the words, "Mr. Edwin Booth, at the Opera House, as Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, for one night only, ably supported by Mr. Bangs, Mr. Pateman, Miss Bella Pateman, and others, from Booth's Theatre, New York." I had seen it many times. I would be pleased to see it again.

"Sully," said I, "what time does the performance begin?"

"I shall begin at a quarter to eight; the other pee-formers come in at eight. An' I feel the

responsibility of the thing a-restin' too much on these here shoulders up mine. I've never played in 'Amlet' afore. It's as it were a unknown part, auf way between 'Richard the Third' an' 'Box an' Cox.' I've played in 'em both, but never in 'Amlet.' An' there'll be Betsey herself, and the gal, and Jim Sanders, an' his wife, a jealous 'ooman, an' others too num'rous to menshon, up there in gal'ry, a-sayin'. 'Ow do Jack Sully play 'is part? Iz 'e a good 'Amlet? Iz men deceived, who 'ave come, like you, to th' upper front fur to see Jack Sully in 'Amlet?' It's pooty 'ard."

Thereupon Jack sidled sentimentally toward the corner of the bar, and throwing back a small curtain of green baize, revealed to me a great bass-viol, standing in brown silence. He picked up the short, heavy bow, and running it over the palm of his hand, said, with a gentle smile:

"There's somethin' soothin' in that. The werry feel uv the thing gives in conference. Ye see, when this gits goin' over them strings, and my son Billy with fiddle uv his'n a-rattlin', ye'll know what melancholy are. Do it not say, do it not, Jim Sanders, say, 'Jack, 'Amlet is melancholy?' An' since it were a 'vertised that there should be 'Amlet' at Opera 'Ouse to-night, I've 'ad wrote on the black-board ov my 'art, 'Jack Sully, grind sad.' I giv up playin' with babby, to grow melancholy. I know what people 'spect of Jack Sully this werry night. If bass fiddle grind not sad, in right place, people ull say, 'Jack Sully chucked 'is part; he did not grind sad.'"

Tenderly and sadly Jack dropped the baize over his loved viol.

There was a rattling on a tin pan, and Jack ushered me into a back room, which was kitchen, dining-room and nursery. The pine table was covered with a cloth as white as the snow. In the middle was a great dish of beef stew, smoking hot, like a censor yielding fragrance to this poor man's room. I ate heartily. Bill, a ruddy-faced lad of twenty-two, having a subordinate part to play in the coming tragedy, ate as heartily as I. Even little Nelly, the ruddy-cheeked baby, knew no responsibilities of 'Hamlet' so great as to make her a stranger to the savor of the onions in the stew.

But poor Jack twirled his knife, balanced a square of beef on the end, and then dropped it upon his plate.

"Mother—Betsey," he said, while two rosy knobs came out brightly on his cheeks, "I'm afear'd the babby 'as been a-smilin' at me too much. The bass viol do not grind sad like, as it should. My 'art is with you and the stew, Betsey, but on the black-board of my stomach is wrote, 'Betsey, that Jack Sully must not dis'port the public.' An' you, sir, which 'ave come so fur foar to see 'Amlet,' meanin' a melancholy Dane, you must eat Betsey's stew without Jack Sully. If th' audience cheer, then to-morrow I eat beef and 'tatoes. Till then, on th' black-board of my soul is wrote, 'Jack, grind sad.'"

He rose and left the room, followed by the admiring eyes of Betsey. As the door closed she proudly said:

"Oh, if I was only 'Box and Cox'!"

When we left the table, and I went into the barroom, a bright-faced, gypsy-haired girl came out of the bar, and went in to her supper. It was Mary Ann Sully, the prettiest girl I had ever seen.

At half-past seven, wishing not to disturb the sentiment of the family, I hurried into the streets, which were half-cleared of snow, and after dutiful inquiry, found myself at the little Opera House. There were no orchestra seats to be had, for the *élite* of the town, kidded and hooded, were in them. The parquet was jammed; and over the edge of the gallery I saw a motley cornice of boys' heads. But to the gallery I went, and, gliding forward among the provincial blouses, took standing room directly over the side of the stage. There was little need to stand long, for I was among the democracy, who, if they crowd much, allow you also to crowd. Two shawled women made possible room for me on the front bench, looking down upon the orchestra, and I saw that I was with Betsey Sully and Mary Ann. I was conscious of sitting beside a very beautiful girl. Among all the fine ladies I knew, there was none so beautiful as this girl of twenty, with her round, gypsy face. Her great masses of black hair were struggling to free themselves from their loops of yellow ribbon, and her ears under the black coils were like bits of mother-of-pearl.

While I was admiring them, a door beneath the stage opened, and Jack Sully, followed by Billy and six other men, glided within the railed inclosure. Jack's face was bright and shiny with excitement, and I noticed that he walked with a firm step. He wore a shiny black coat and trousers; his glossy hair was combed back from his forehead and ears. The men ranged themselves to their instruments—Billy to his violin, Jack to his dear old brown bass viol. In a moment, while Betsey was peering proudly at them, they began to play that sad tune, "The Mother-in-Law." Billy's hand drew his bow with a handsome flourish, as if he were a dandy twirling a cane. Jack tugged away at his great viol with hard energy, his face brightening and reddening with his labor. I confess that I enjoyed his happiness, but that I was thinking of Mary Ann. She was only a girl in a lower station of life than mine, and if I let my arm drop carelessly to her waist, it was because I admired without respecting her.

"You're handy with your arm," said she. "If the old man knew it, he'd be as mad as the devil."

I blushed, and tried to take my arm away; but she looked up into my face archly, and said:

"Oh! you've got it there now, and there's no use of makin' a fool of yourself by makin' a fuss."

Jim Sanders and his wife were behind us, and Mary Ann knew that I was a Yorker, with good clothes.

The first act of the play was over. I saw that Jack Sully was compressing his lips, and casting down his eyes, and deadening all brightness within him. When the ghost had vanished, and Booth's companions had taken the oath, the music uprose again, and Jack's viol groaned a most melancholy bass. He felt that the eyes of the gallery were upon him; he cared little or nothing for the chairs; and he never dared to lift his triumphant face toward our corner. If he had, he would hardly have seen the squeeze that Mary Ann gave to my fingers when she whispered to me as the ladies in the chairs below were whispering to the gentlemen by their sides. Mary Ann knew that there was no gallant of them all who bore signs of costlier clothes than I; and I was sure that no one of the ermined ladies had so beautiful a face as that of the bar-girl at my side. What need of shabby shame, when I was a stranger to them all? I do not know what they were whispering to the gentlemen by their sides; but Mary Ann whispered to me:

"Just you see Bill lam that fiddle."

Betsey was silent and in tears. I do not think she knew of Ophelia's song and death. I do not think she saw the queen's despair or the cold mirth of the gravedigger. To her eyes, Jack Sully was playing *Hamlet*, and his happiness depended upon his success with the bass viol. Once, indeed, she half turned her head to us, but not taking her gaze from Jack, and whispered:

"Mary Ann, I put the stew in the oven!"

When, at last, the death-scene was over, and the curtain fell, there came a thundering round of applause from chairs and gallery. Somebody appeared before the curtain and bowed. Jack, standing by his viol, for the first time turned his head approvingly to the audience, and glanced proudly at our corner, his face shining with a ruddy glory. Jim Sanders had his fingers in his mouth, and was giving a shrill whistle. Betsey's cheeks were running tears, and her trembling lips were trying to smile. I was supporting the beautiful Mary Ann, who was standing high on the bench, with her fingers in my hair. I thought I heard Jim Sanders's wife say:

"Moll Sully's puttin' on airs, but I guess she's a carryin' her pigs to a bad market."

I was sure that Mary Ann said to me, as she glanced at the orchestra:

"The old man feels hunk."

In a few moments we were walking toward the "Spinner's Arms," Mary Ann's hand in mine. As we reached the barroom we were followed by Jack and Billy, Jim Sanders and his wife, and the half-dozen musicians. Jack placed his bass-viol in the corner, and draped it with the baize. His face was ruddier than ever; the stout little stove, too, was burning with a ruddier glow; and the stout pewter mugs in the bar were rubicund with the reflected glare of the fire. The doors were locked; the ale flowed at my expense; Billy took up his violin again, with a twirl and a flourish; and while the musicians were sipping their mugs, Jim Sanders seized Betsey and waltzed into the sanded room. Jack Sully was not loth to encircle the wasp waist of the scornful Mrs. Sanders, and join the dance; and the beautiful, glowing Mary Ann bounded into my arms, and said:

"Yank me into that there set."

We danced; the ale flowed; and at twelve o'clock, when a friendly constable tapped at the door, and affectionately told Jack it was time to "fasten up the fiddle," Jack placed himself for a speech:

"I have played," said he, in 'Box an' Cox; I've played in 'She Stoops to Conquer'; I've played in most laughin' farces, not to speak of the fightin' piece of 'Richard the Third'; but to-night's the pee-rondest night of my life; an' if ye asks me, 'Jack Sully, how do you feel?' I will say I feel like as if I'd a-played 'Amlet' as 'Amlet' were born to be played; an' if there's anythin' wrote onto the black-board of my 'art, it are, 'Betsey, my cherub, I kin eat the stew!'"

In the morning I prepared to leave. Betsey made me her lowest courtesy, as I paid her my bill. Jack kindly glowed and smiled as he raked the plump stove into brightness. Mary Ann, more beautiful than on the night before, put her swarthy, taper little fingers into mine, and when I told her that possibly it was usual for lovers in her town to kiss each other good-by, she was nothing loth, until Billy stepped forward and said:

"I won't allow no man to do that to a woman as calls herself Bill Sully's wife!"

I merely kissed my fingers to her as I left, and she said:

"Confound that Bill!"

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

THE clock on the front quad of St. Boniface was on the stroke of one, on a bright day in the Summer of 186-. The undergrads had left the various lecture-rooms of that institution of classical and theological lore, and were standing in knots chatting the usual commonplaces, arranging plans for their afternoon's amusement, and not yet quite determined who was going to ask who to lunch with him, when a tall, gentlemanly-looking young man entered the college-gates, and with a diffident air advanced a few paces into the quad. The general cut of his clothes, hat and face bespoke unmistakably th' foreigner. The open guide-book in his hand—an illustration in which he seemed to be comparing with our Elizabethan gables—showed further that he was doing the lions of Alma Mater. With a polite bow, he advanced to the group in which I was standing, and asked:

"Ees dis de kanlege of Boniface?"

We assured him, with a sensation of pride, that, indeed, this was that renowned college.

"Ah, it ees ver' schon, beautiful, you call. Is it many studenten lives here?"

Now, it so happened that in the days of my youth, through the medium of sundry imported *bonnes*, not to say my residence of two or three years in the land of the Teuton and the Gaul, I had acquired a conversational knowledge of their respective languages, which even a six-year course of the "anti-furria" language atmosphere of a public school had failed entirely to eradicate. Therefore it came to pass on this occasion that, desirous, no doubt, of airing my accomplishments before the companions who maybe had just heard me at the lecture murdering in a wholesale manner the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, I answered the stranger's query in my most guttural of German "that our learned society consisted of some sixty members."

A smile of joy came over his rather sad face. "Ah, güt, you spik Deutsch!" and at once we plunged into a conversation productive of some astoishment in the faces of my friends, not unmingled with that contempt for all "f reignering lingo" so usual with all the British youth. The majority soon dispersed to inform all who might care to know that "little Binks" (that's me) "was jabbering away High Dutch like blazes in the front quad with some foreign fellow."

The stranger, in the course of our conversation, informed me that he had recently left the University of Heidelberg; that he had been recommended to finish his studies with a course of *philosophie* at the great English universities, where he would further acquire the language of the country. He was now visiting the seat of learning at Oxford, proposing to ascertain how best he might carry out these ends. He had called the previous day on a countryman of his, the great Professor Max-Woeler, for his advice on the subject, but had unfortunately found him from home.

We chatted on for a few minutes, when he presented me with his card, "Herr Ludwig von Gessler," and, thanking me for my information, began making his adieu. Struck by his gentlemanly bearing and agreeable manner, I asked him to lunch with me, and see how we English students fared. With polite hesitation he accepted. Brown, Jones and Robinson promised to be in my rooms in a few minutes and join the repast.

A very merry luncheon party we made of it, but the lion of the show was undoubtedly our new friend Gessler. A pleasant or more agreeable companion I never wish to sit down with. Long before we had got to the last course of Reading biscuits and apricot "squish," the foreigner was voted a "capital fellow." He showed us how to clink glass in the approved German form. He made a speech in rare and curious English, laudatory of the unquestioned hospitality he, an unknown German student, had received from his brother students at the great University of Oxbridge, and expressed the desire to reciprocate the same should

we ever visit him in Vaterland. Accompanying himself on the piano, he trotted forth sundry German lays, incomprehensible to most of us, but loudly applauded by all, doubtless on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Much he admired the handsome old silver flagons, souvenirs of the gentleman-commoner munificence of a bygone age, from which he imbibed our "audit," though he confessed a preference for the "Baierisches Bier" of his native land. With grace he lit his cigar, and by general demand accompanied us for a stroll down the river. Jones had a "wine on" that evening. Von Gessler was just the man to make it go off well; would he come to wine with him? Would he dine with him in Hall? "Ach, danke; you so kind. I not like; eef you vont I veel, danke viel."

The Herr's tastes and habits at dinner were chiefly notable from a tendency to reverse the order of the carte, to mix meats and sweets on the same plate, and a weakness for using a knife where we benighted barbarians prefer a spoon; but at the wine-party which followed he rapidly ascended the rungs of the ladder of public esteem, and before scouts appeared with the questionable coffee and 'chovy toast, dispensed by the Buttery, he was quite the rage. He played and sang, made complimentary little speeches in the most broken of English, and won our hearts to a man. "Old" Gessler (this prefix was soon applied in those days to popular surnames, irrespective of age) was voted a "jolly good fellow;" and with the open-hearted hospitality which, at that unselfish age, we dispensed, he had enough invitations pressed upon him to last him a week or more.

The evening was wearing on, our host—an excellent pianist—was discoursing sweet music, when some of us observed that "old" Gessler, who was seated in an armchair by the fireplace (I can see him now), had buried his face in his hands. Could it be so? Yes, convulsed with sorrow or laughter, tears—"hot scalding," no doubt—were "welling" through his hands.

"Don't look at him, poor fellow," said a man at my side.

The Herr saw we had noticed his emotion, for a full had come over the chattering of the party; with a melancholy voice he said:

"Ach, goot-by! I go away. I not pain you with my trouble; that *travagie* (sad) meosick, it make me think of—Ach, Himmel! I have one great trouble;" and again he buried his face in his hands, and groaned with suppressed emotion.

We expressed, in a general kind of way, our condolence with him under the circumstances, whatever they might be; hoped he had not experienced any sudden loss in his family, etc.

"No, danke. Ach, mein Gott! I have kill mine friend. We fight vot you call *von duell* as studenten. I schlag heem *von leetle* too hard. He fall. The doctor say heem not live no more. My friends take me quick to the railway station. Dey say I must fly the town *von Heidelberg* for two year. I scarce bring any clothes away. My friends dey send me monisch. Ach, my goot friend! I kill him, not meaning. Ach, mein Gott, mein Gott!" And again he relapsed into an agony of grief in Jones's armchair. A noise expressive of sensation buzzed about the room. "I not think to tell you dis my great trouble; but you all so kind and brudderlike, I no help it. I wish still to studieren; so I think, while these two years, to studieren at dees places de philosophie and de English language."

Somewhat awestruck we were at finding ourselves in the presence of a real live duelist, one who had, moreover, killed his man; however, we consoled with him on the tragic end of his friend (we could do nothing else, especially with the instance of abject contrition before us.) Moreover, he explained to us the system on which the German students, arranged their little "mills;" how it was quite possible to be drinking beer with a friend one evening, and yet, by the stern laws of university etiquette, have to meet him sword in hand next morning, and to slash away at his face, or he at yours, for a matter of fifteen minutes, without rhyme or reason; certainly from no personal quarrel. He informed us, however, that a fatal termination to these "friendly" meetings was a very rare occurrence. A red seam or two he showed us on his own noble brow were, he said, the usual results; glorious scars, much prized by the wearers, but to our biased English notions simply stupid disfigurements. However, in the little affair between Von Gessler and his friend, the sword of the former had found out a fatally weak spot in the cranium of the latter; and to avoid the penalty of manslaughter, our German friend was obliged to fly from his beloved Vaterland. Poor fellow! he was much affected by the recital of his troubles, and we all did our best to cheer him up, and apparently with good success.

Soon the fame of the great Von Gessler spread. His amiable and social manners acquired him the friendship and hospitality of many men in other colleges. Not that he had deserted his first friends and introducers of St. Boniface; not at all. He made my rooms his headquarters. "I was his first kind friend;" and thus he became known to a considerable portion of the Varsity as "Von Gessler, a German fellow, a great friend of Binks of Boniface, a capital fellow, they say, sings and plays like a bird."

Now, I was acquainted with the university town of Heidelberg, and in the early days of my new friendship with Von Gessler I had cross-examined him with regard to various streets, houses, etc. He evidently knew all about them. Furthermore he construed a lot of "Greek play" for me with considerable facility, and without a "crib;" and last but not least, he had had a set-to with broad-swords, at the gymnasium of M'Marum, with a noted performer, a member of our college, wherein "old" Gessler held his own very fairly; so but little doubt existed in my mind as to his being the "real Roger," late of Heidelberg University.

A fortnight of uninterrupted sociality had elapsed, when our new friend informed us with much sorrow that he must take leave of his kind "friends." The Herr Professor Max-Woeler had given him but little hopes of his being able to acquire the special *philosophie* he desired, at the University of Oxbridge. Von Gessler had thought that he could live as an "unattached" student, and study what course of lectures he liked; but he found this was not possible (things were not so ruinously liberal at that date of my story,) so he had determined to seek some other seat of learning, and to waste no more time in the *agréments* of Oxbridge. I think we recommended Durham, having a vague notion that anything and everything was tolerated there. As things turned out, Von Gessler's experience of that seat of learning has done nothing toward verifying those notions. We were all sorry to part with him. I felt I should miss him a great deal, for he had spent the greater part of his time in my rooms, where he would sit and read and smoke, while I was in lecture; in fact, he was like a "tame cat" on my premises. He presented several of us with little souvenirs of his pleasant visit at Oxbridge, and we exchanged cartes-de-visites with a prodigality only known to that early era of photography. I can muster between two and three hundred cartes, more or less yellow, of the temporary friends of my

undergraduate days. I doubt if I could extract half-a-dozen from them now, even if I knew their directions; ah, *tempora mutantur*, etc.

As a little return for our kindness and hospitality, Von Gessler asked about a dozen of us to dine with him on the last night of his stay at Oxford, at his hotel, "The Angel." We accepted with pleasure. I had made arrangements with some friends to go on the same day to a race-meeting near Reading, and we had to start rather early in the morning. I had rather a scramble to catch the train, and not finding my race-glasses in their usual place, I anathematized my scout for his "tidy" habits, and left without them. I cannot remember at this date much about the racing. No doubt it was of the usual brilliant "plating" class; but I do remember that I missed the train which should have brought me home in time for Von Gessler's farewell banquet at "The Angel." I telegraphed my regrets, and hopes that I might yet arrive in time for dessert. I reached Oxford about half-past eight, and made for college to dress a bit before repairing to "The Angel."

I kicked at the gate in true undergraduate "form;" the porter opened it, and informed me that the Dean was desirous of seeing me. Sundry qualms came over me as I went to see him. Sundry questions that might be asked about the same. However, great was my relief, not to say astonishment, when my scout emerged from the lodge, and with a sarcastic twinkle in his eye—I felt confident Gessler had not "tipped" him—observed:

"Ah, sir, your friend, sir, Muster Gessler, he's turned out a hearty one, he has. A regular thief. He has taken your opera-glasses and pawned 'em. They're a-hanging up in the shop-window now. And he's stole a silver mug and a lot o' spoons from University, and more nor eighty pounds in money and all his clothes from a gentleman at New, and he has pawned some, and got clean away with the rest; homesome, the perlice is pretty sharp arter him."

I confess I was pretty considerably staggered at this unpleasant news, backed up as it was by the appearance of sundry of the invited guests of the evening in the unusual Oxford garb of "full evening rig."

"Here's a pretty go!" they exclaimed; "that beggar Gessler has turned out an infernal swindler. The 'check' of the fellow asking us to dine! When we got to 'The Angel,' the people there said they had never even heard of such a person. You are a nice fellow, Binks, to get us taken in and done for in this way. Where on earth did you pick up your friend?"

"My friend!" I retorted; "why, he's quite as much your friend as mine. I made his acquaintance about a fortnight ago in this very quad. You remember it well, Jones; you came and lunched with me, when we all took such a fancy to the fellow. Certainly, he has made my rooms his headquarters; but you have all 'chummed' with him as much as I have; and didn't you accept his invitation like a shot, that's all? My word, just look at you now! what a wasting on the desert air of all this magnificent apparel!"

"Doocid lucky," they said, "that he has let us off so cheap. He hasn't bagged a bit of plate or any jewelry out of this college; nothing but your glasses gone, as far as we know at present. But, by Jove, he has made it hot for them at New! Old Buzze, the senior tutor, is cleaned out of everything but his dress-clothes, which he had on in Hall. How on earth the fellow managed to smuggle it all past the gates, we can't make out. I suppose, like Mr. Joe Muggles in 'Tom Brown,' he just watched the 'ed porter across to the Buttery for his evening glass, and then whipped it all out in a carpet-bag."

"Well, Binks," quoth another, "your friend has done us out of dinner; we are too late for Hall, and we are all uncommon peckish; so the best thing you can do is to give us some supper, and we will condole with you, old fellow, on the sad loss of your opera-glasses. Expensive ones, I dare say; pawned for five 'bob' probably; so you will get them back cheap."

"All right! you go and change your coats while I make it straight with the Dean, and I will get some food in from Hinton's."

Much that evening did we talk over our late friend the Herr Von Gessler. A German student, no doubt, he had been. His little mortal fray with his brother student was voted "gammon." In all probability, for all his classical lore, ignorance of the proper construction of the words *meum* and *tuum* had something to do with his precipitate flight from Heidelberg. But above all did we congratulate ourselves on his handsome behavior in sparing us in his raid. We recapitulated in turn the overwhelming loss we might individually have suffered, with the college plate recklessly left on luncheon-tables at the mercy of any one having the *entrée* to our rooms. How easy to whip up a quart or a pint pot, and smuggle it off in the folds of a light pale-tot! Those three fivers in my dressing-case, sole relics of my last "quarter"—I hurried to my bedroom; a glow of relief suffused my frame when I found them snug in the fancied security of the cleverly contrived, but universally known, secret drawer. Such was my gratitude for his sparing them, that I should have been glad to have given him my glasses as blackmail. But the crowning piece of impudence, the invitation to dine at "The Angel"! Ah, that was a sore point for many a day with the invited guests, from which I barely escaped. The jolly "sell" that German friend of Binks paid off on some Boniface men, was a "Varsity joke" for many a month. We fought shy of strangers for a long time to come.

To bring my story to a close. Early one morning, about a week after the German's disappearance, while I was hesitating in bed whether morning chapel, or another fast forty minutes with Morpheus, would be most beneficial to my general estate, my scout knocked at my door, popped in his head, and said with much appearance of delight:

"They've a nabbed him, sir. They've a got him out on the landin'. The inspector, sir, wants you to come out and identify him and your glasses."

I jumped out of bed like a shot, donned my dressing-gown, and entered my sitting-room. The prisoner was brought in, apparently shaking wrists with a gentleman in blue, and accompanied by a party in "muff," who, I was led to understand, represented the great unknown power, "Spector X. Ah, what a falling off was there in the appearance of the Herr Von Gessler, in his present estate, from the trim and dapper individual who, guide-book in hand, had a fortnight before presented me with his card! Evidently he had not been in bed that night, nor had the least sacrifices been made to the Graces for some time. Their revenge usually follows apace. I fancy that a very short experience of apprehension conduces to a rapid deterioration of the external man. Given a "faultless well," apprehend him more or less roughly, lock him up for the night, and I have reasons for believing that his appearance next morning before "his worship" will be of a decidedly seedy and draggle-tailed character.

Now, Von Gessler had, with the usual taste of foreigners (I forget, he was in *rooming*, no doubt,) chosen black shiny cloth as the correct material to keep "the wind from his nobility." And I think

my readers will agree with me, that if there be one cloth more than another which requires to be frequently brushed and *bien soigné*, it is that fine old British black doeskin, dear to clerics and the middle-classes. In Von Gessler's case, under the destructive influence of the police-cell, it had assumed a greeny-brown hue, which, coupled with his unkempt hair, frouzy linen, uncleaned boots, and dejected, hang-dog look, made me almost pity the man.

I could not resist saying: "Well, Gessler, I thought we were much too good friends to be parted for long; so you have come to look me up again, and bring me back my opera-glasses."

Without taking his eyes from the floor, Gessler moaned out: "Ach, you come to reproach me in my misery! I not mean to take your glasses; I nearly borrow from time, to use for me. I would give back after a time."

"Bosh!" I said. "Then I suppose you only meant to borrow all that money you made off with, eh? Why did you sell my glasses?" This was a "closer" for poor Gessler.

Positively he had been apprehended while dining at the high table of a college at Camford. Oh, wondrous cheek! So open and unquestioning had he found the undergraduate youth of Oxford, what mine of unsuspecting and gullibility could be more easily and profitably worked than their brethren at Camford? Three watches had he already requisitioned from his new victims before he was captured; and as in a few days he had managed to work his way up to the high table, without doubt he would have relieved the Vice-Chancellor himself of his "gold repeater," had time and the police allowed. I often think now of the unlimited impudence and knavish skill of that ex-German student. At the next assizes, if I remember rightly, three years, with hard labor, was the sentence passed on him. The Don of New prosecuted, I appeared as a witness, and my photo, being produced in court as having been found on the prisoner's person, enabled the counsel who was trying to defend him to afford considerable amusement to the audience at my expense. However, I got back my race-glasses. Once or twice I received a communication from the prisoner in Oxford jail, begging me to supply him with books wherewith to prosecute his studies; he was still trying to keep up the "philosophic" farce. I visited him once, and had an interview through a kind of grille, resulting, if I remember well, in mutual recriminations; I being too dense to see his case from a requisition point of view, he considering my demeanor and remarks to be unkindly toward him in his "mee-ery."

I hope his well-deserved punishment worked a cure, but I have a slight suspicion that such was not the case; for some years afterward, while skimming over the police news, I came across a charge against a certain Herr Brenner, whose knavish tricks bore a remarkable resemblance to the Oxford plant of Herr von Gessler, and who received a further sentence of incarceration, "former charges against the prisoner having been proved."

Kind reader, do not be too severe upon us, and condemn us as soft green young muffs. I believe we were as 'cute as most young men of the unsuspicious age of twenty, when we were lavish of hospitality, deeming it possible that we might be entertaining even German angels unawares.

TRIAL OF AERIAL FIRE LADDERS

IN THE CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.

ON the afternoons of the 5th and 12th of June some interesting experiments were made before the Commissioners and chief officers of the Fire Department, in the City Hall Park, with several fire-ladders constructed on a principle novel to this country. The system is an Italian invention. Three ladders were used, each differing from the other in size only. The apparatus consists of a truck heavily constructed, upon which the ladders are piled in the same way as on the ordinary hook-and-ladder trucks. The ladders are graduated in size, and fitted at each end with iron sockets. When required for use, the ladders are taken off by lengths and fitted to each other, the iron hand-rails and braces adjusted, and the work of elevation commenced. The lower ladder is connected with a framework of heavy timber above the end of the truck, which moves on an iron axle. By means of tackle, cogwheels and cranks, the entire length is gradually raised from the horizontal position to that of any required angle. About midway there are two stout ropes leading from the ladder to a cylinder at the end of the truck, and thence to a second. It is by these that the ladder is raised, heavy weights at the end of the movable framework keeping the entire length stiff and preventing a sudden fall. The longest ladder was 125 feet in length.

When this was elevated, ten firemen ran up the range, and took positions near the top, while another was raised and lowered in a canvas bucket. There was but little vibration, and no perceptible bend. A length of hose was next taken up, and when at the summit, water was let on, and the facade of the new Court House thoroughly washed. The appearance of the apparatus at this time was unusually striking. An immense stretch of light steps nearly perpendicular, with no stays save the united hand-rails and the hoisting-ropes, and a squad of men operating at the top without occasioning any noticeable swaying, were a sight that caused many of the spectators to hold their breath, from fear of an accident.

A thorough test was made, and though some trouble was experienced each day, the invention appeared to give satisfaction to the fire authorities.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

On Board a Danube Steamer.

A passenger-boat on the Danube, such as we illustrate elsewhere, presents, at times, a most picturesque appearance. As it plows its way through the sparkling blue waters, it flashes and scintillates with the varied and brilliant costumes of Greek and Oriental tourists, that contrast most charmingly with the more sober attire of Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania, Great Britain, etc. A group representing so many nationalities must be interesting in the extreme.

Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca.

Save under circumstances the most exceptional, every true Mohammedan, at least once in his life, makes a pilgrimage to Mecca. Consequently, each year, in the month of July, thousands of religious votaries from every corner of the world subject to the laws of the Koran are to be found assembled in the Holy City. These pilgrims, however, are obliged to halt for two days before the city, outside points determined by a circle the centre of which is the city itself, which they cannot enter without having performed certain preparatory acts. These accomplished, they penetrate the circle

or El Hiram, where they are not permitted to kill any animal or creeping thing whatever, except crows, rats, scorpions and mad dogs. All care of their body is also forbidden. They are to be all soul when they approach the *Chamber of God*, in which is set the famous peeing and hearing ruby which is said to have existed a thousand years before the first man, and which became black through the sins of the world. This stone is covered every year with a new black silk veil, supplied by the Emir Hagg, Prince of the Caravan, the old one being cut into shreds for relics, that are piously guarded by the pilgrims. After various rites and ceremonies are observed, too numerous to be dwelt on here, the caravan turns its face toward Cairo, from whence it had started; and it is its safe arrival at this latter city that we illustrate in the present number of our journal, where we find certain mounted pilgrims, who have distinguished themselves signally, met by their friends and relatives, who have assembled to do them honor with sounds of music and rejoicing, and who bestow titles of honor upon them and are anxious to see their customary headresses replaced by the green turban which they have won, and which they are now entitled to wear as true sons of the Prophet.

The Coronation of Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway.

This grand affair, which took place at Stockholm on the 12th ultimo, and which forms the subject of one of our illustrations to-day, presented many features of magnificence which might well provoke the envy of a more pretending people than the Swedes. The *cortège*, which began to move from the royal palace toward the church about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, was the most brilliant and distinguished imaginable. France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia and the Low Countries were represented diplomatically upon the occasion, and a long series of *fêtes* succeeded the ceremony, in which the whole city and its environs shared heartily for days. The King, who is not only a handsome man, but one of the most accomplished sovereigns of Europe, walked from the palace to the church whose interior is represented in our engraving, and where his coronation took place with that of the Queen. Her majesty, however, with her ladies of honor, preferred reclining in her state carriage, from which she had, it appears, a full view of the imposing procession. The church was decorated in superb style, and was replete with all the paraphernalia of royalty and all the insignia of pomp and power. And so dense was the concourse that crowded the streets and the approaches to the sacred edifice, and so unfeigned the enthusiasm displayed upon the occasion, that we may fairly infer the Swedes are still true to the monarchical idea, and, for yet another generation, willing to do homage to the crown and sceptre.

Street Cleaning in Vienna.

Street-cleaning in the Austrian capital is carried on much in the same way that it is in New York, but with less expense. At a certain hour of the day, as indicated by our picture, the dust-men, broom in hand, and attended by carts, pass through the streets and ply their vocation. They are waited on by servant-girls, who bring forth from the various habitations such refuse as is to be carried off; and in but very exceptional cases are ashes or rubbish permitted to stand in boxes or barrels for any length of time on the sidewalks.

The New Fish Market of Strasbourg, Germany.

Since the reconstruction of the old town or city of Strasbourg, it presents, as may be presumed, a more lively and business-like appearance. Its New Fish Market, which we illustrate in our present number, although not very extensive, is found of great convenience, it being largely thronged on certain days of the week. The street which leads to it is called the Old Fish Market, along which, on Wednesdays and Fridays, crowds of orthodox Catholics wend their way to purchase fish, the hind legs of frogs, or vineyard snails, which are regarded a luxury, and are brought to market in large quantities by the country people. In the foreground of the picture we find all those articles in baskets or tubs surrounded by purchasers and others, some of whom are in picturesque costumes. The figure who appears in a description of military garb is one of a class known here as "Essen Kehrer," or Meal Sweeps, who sweep up stray morsels of food, etc., on market-days.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LITTLE NELL, the "California Diamond," is at the Olympic.

OOFTY GOFT is playing in "Koomer" at Niblo's Garden.

MADAME LOUISE LIGHTMAY has been singing at Terrace Garden.

"MADEIRA MOREL" is in its last nights at the Fifth Avenue.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON opens the Summer season at the Union Square.

It is rumored that Signor Verdi purposes to set M. Victorien Sardou's "Patrie" for his next opera.

The recent matinee performance at the Academy of Music, in aid of the Foundling Asylum, was a brilliant success.

SATURDAY evening witnessed the close of the season, and of Mr. Fechter's engagement, at the Grand Opera House.

SUMMER evening concerts now take place at the Exhibition Hall of the American Institute, Sixty-third Street, Third Avenue.

It is rumored that a new theatre is to be built for Mr. Daly, of the Fifth Avenue, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street.

BOTTESINI, the great double-bass player, is at present in Paris, but is shortly to leave for Vienna to direct the orchestra of the Malibran Theatre.

The St. Petersburg and Moscow Italian Opera Troupe for 1873-4 will compose Mesdames Patti, Albini, Bernardi, and Scaldi; Signori Naudin, Nicolini, Marini, Graziani, Cotogni, Baggioli, and Ciampi.

In the next Italian Opera season in Cairo, the chief singers will be Mesdames Stoltz, Waldmann, Witzlack, Smerschi; Signori Mongini, Fancelli, Corsi, Verger, Stella, Medini, Fioravanti, with Signor Bottesini as conductor.

The season at Booth's, and the last week of Mr. Booth's management, closed on Saturday evening, in a farewell performance of Miss Neilson, at which Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Davidge, Miss Ellen Morent and Miss Nellie Mortimer assisted.

FISHING FOR HEALTH.—The fishermen constitute the healthiest class in Massachusetts. They are the finest-looking men, the most robust, and with capacities for great endurance. Their diet while actually engaged in their vocation consists of fish, pork, potatoes, and hard bread, with fresh meat but rarely. It is said to be the custom of invalids from the rural districts, suffering from chronic indigestion or incipient phthisis, to make an amateur fishing voyage, and often with excellent results.

PERSONAL.

MINISTER JEWELL leaves for St. Petersburg, July 3d.

JOHN GRAHAM, the New York lawyer, is very ill.

PROFESSOR J. R. LOWELL is to be made a D.C.L. of Oxford.

MR. ALEXANDER STEPHENS is the sole proprietor of the Atlanta Sun.

MATILDA HERON's autobiography is announced for early publication.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR will run for Congress in Maryland this Fall. Sounds like old times.

DR. VON DÖLLINGER succeeds Baron Liebig as President of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

JOHN STUART MILL left a full autobiography, with directions that it be published at an early day.

SAMUEL A. KING, the aeronaut, declares it impossible, in his opinion, to cross the Atlantic in a balloon.

LORD ELCHO proposes to try the monster turret-ship *Devastation* in a storm at sea by first taking out her crew.

KATE FIELD has been invited by Sir Charles and Lady Dilke to be their guest during the fashionable season in London.

BANCROFT, our Minister in Berlin, is an honorary member of no less than twenty clubs in this country and Europe.

AUGUST BELMONT, President of the American Jockey Club, has been elected an honorary member of the English Jockey Club.

SELMA, Ala., has taken Professor Moore from the Chair of Mathematics in McKendall College to make him Chief of Police.

THE President of San Salvador has addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor of London in behalf of the sufferers by the earthquake.

HON. JOHN PRENTISS, the oldest printer and newspaper publisher in New England, and, perhaps, in the United States, died on the 6th of June, at Keene, N. H., aged 96.

JUDGE STRONG, of the United States Supreme Court, succeeds Bishop McVane as President of the American Tract Society. Judge Strong is a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church.

COLONEL BILL FISHER, now living near New Orleans, is the only surviving companion of Osceola, the Seminole chief. He is a native of Philadelphia, having run away from that city when fifteen years old to join the Seminoles.

It seems that M. Thiers's determination to resign was in no small degree influenced by Emile de Girardin, who advised him to strike a decisive blow and offer his resignation, as it was regarded as certain by the veteran editor that he would be recalled to power.

An exchange says that Governor Jewell, Mr. Orr's successor, will have at his command the linguistic accomplishments of his wife and daughters, and, in addition, as he informs his friends with his usual bluff heartiness, has formed the determination to talk French before he gets to St. Petersburg, "or burst."

An English detective, who was detailed to accompany the Prince of Wales and his brother to the Vienna exhibition, to protect the royal pockets from Austrian thieves, was arrested by the Vienna Police for pressing too close upon the princely pair, and, in spite of his explanations, marched off to jail.

LIEUTENANT ALMY, who was murdered by Apaches, at San Carlos, was Jacob Almy, son of James Almy, of New Bedford. Early in the war he served as corporal in the volunteer service, and afterward, by his own efforts, secured a cadetship at West Point. He graduated in 1867, and has since been attached to the Fifth Cavalry.

PROFESSOR EUGENE W. HILGARD has been elected to the chair of Geology, Zoology and Botany in Michigan University, made vacant by the resignation of Professor Winchell, who is now President of a university at Syracuse. He has spent the last eighteen years in connection with the Mississippi State Geological Survey and State University, and is a brother of Professor J. W. Hilgard, of the United States Survey.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL summers at Long Branch.

THE Rev. Edward E. Hale, of Boston, is "doing" Italy.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT goes to Europe on railroad business.

EX-GOVERNOR FOOTE, of Mississippi, has gone to live in Washington.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, the authoress, spends the Summer in Switzerland.

THE HON. H. L. DAWES, of Massachusetts, will spend the Summer abroad.

MR. and MRS. ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE summer at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD takes his family to an elegant estate at Stockbridge, Mass.

MR. SOTHERN goes to England in August, and returns to this country late in the Fall.

MR. DAVID A. WELLS goes to England, where he will be aided by the Cobden Club.

PAULINE LUCCA has rented a cottage at Narragansett Pier, R. I., for the heated season.

EMILE OLLIVIER, Napoleon's last Prime Minister, is in Florence, engaged upon literary work.

PRINCE AMADEUS and wife have arrived in England, where they will remain during the Summer.

DR. CHAPIN takes his Summer relaxation in Europe. He is suffering from intermittent rheumatism.

PROFESSOR D. M. FISK, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, is touring Europe for historical and scientific purposes.

PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH, of Yale College, with a party of students, is about making researches on the plains.

THE HON. E. JOY MORRIS, formerly American Minister to Turkey, has taken a cottage at Atlantic City, N. J.

MRS. SAMUEL G. COURTNEY and the widow of the late Hon. Daniel S. Dickenson are located at Saratoga.

GENERAL SHERMAN will remain in Washington all the Summer, but will send his family to Carlisle, Pa.

PROFESSOR RALPH G. HIBBARD, of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., will sail for Europe immediately after Commencement, June 26th.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBURT, of the World, after an extensive tour of observation throughout Central America, is now about visiting the South American Republics.



THE SARATOGA TRUNK.—PREPARING FOR SEASON



ALONG THE HUDSON.

It was in the evening gray,
Late I wandered slow my way,
By that calm and silent river,
Rolling smoothly down for ever.

As I wandered on alone,
Over shrub and over stone,
Saddening Fancy seem'd to say,
"Gloomy spirits crossed this way."

O'er the leaves, crisp'd, old and dun,
To and fro the shadows run,
And where'er I turned my eye,
Shadows of spirits hovered nigh.

Silent and in weary mood,
Near the laving ebb I stood,
Watching, waiting—thinking o'er
Friends upon a distant shore.

They are gone, alas! for ever,
And a wail said: "Never, never—
Never again shall love and truth
Bring back to you the joys of youth."

Gazing on the vapors where
All around seem'd peopled air,
Something in this heart was moved—
Something which the soul approved.

'Twas a touch of Eternity—
(That future state, where souls are free)—
The soul's approach to home at last,
When misery, grief and death are past.

But the dark blue waters rolled,
And the mystic vapors told
Of the shadows on my breast—
Shadows never finding rest.

Hearts once true seemed turned to stone,
And my woes dense, darker grown;
And my soul, in monotone,
Wept and wailed. "Alone—alone!"

Then I turned to Memory's bier,
Where my hopes lay cold and dear—
Where each thought of life's young bloom
Press'd me downward to the tomb.

But what made me suffer more,
When I thought of friends of yore,
I could feel no moistened eye—
I had drained them with a sigh.

Oh! why this soul of longing hopes,
Why this gloom through which it gropes—
Why this fear, and doubt, and love,
If there is no balm above?

Oh! shadows, which are spirit-land,
You charm and hold me where I stand;
I know I live—I see my breath,
And still I feel a subtle death.

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—INNOCENT'S CONFESSION.

AFTER this crisis there came a great lull. Innocent was ill. She lay for some weeks under the power of a mysterious disorder which was sometimes called low fever, and sometimes by other names. "She had no doubt received a shock," the doctor said, when informed by Mrs. Eastwood of that effect, and this was about all that any one could say. But she was young, and she got better by degrees. They were all very good to her. By the time she was able to come down-stairs Frederick had returned home.

Frederick had a luck for coming well out of a bad business. He had taken his own way, and pleased himself, careless of the cost—and then Providence had taken the trouble to step in and deliver him from his wife, who could not but have been a hindrance to him in life. Frederick himself accepted very piously this explanation of affairs.

On the whole, however, there can be no doubt that he was deeply thankful to find himself back again at The Elms, with his career still before him, and no harm done, or, at least, no harm to speak of. Sometimes, it is true, softening thoughts of tenderness toward the beautiful creature whom he had supposed himself to love crossed his mind. Sometimes he wondered if he had been real, or if it was only some strange dream more vivid than usual, so entirely did every trace of that episode pass away, and the old existence come back.

But on the whole Frederick was a more agreeable inmate since he had gone through this experience. He was not fundamentally improved by his troubles, but he was more civil and tolerant to others. Frederick was as far as ever from any disposition to sacrifice what he cared for to anybody's convenience—but in matters which he did not care for, he had, it must be allowed, gained a certain power of toleration, and had learned to think that others might have wishes, and to respect them. He was pleasanter to have in the house, even Nelly acknowledged. Things went more smoothly in the reunited household. Brownlow came back again well pleased, restoring to the house a certain amount of dignity which it had lost; and to all of them Amanda and her brief reign began to appear like a feverish dream.

When Innocent came down-stairs, an invalid, thin and pale, with eyes that seemed to have grown to double their size, and with all that touching weakness which appeals to every good feeling of humanity, Frederick was very kind to her. There was nothing he would not do for her gratification. He would stay at home in the evening, and give up other engagements in order to read to her.

In many ways Innocent was changed. She no longer hung upon Frederick as she had once done. Her eyes did not go forth to meet him, her hand to grasp his. Indeed, at first she had been startled by his presence, which was unexpected to her, and had shrunk from him—a fact which piqued him deeply, when at last he found it possible to believe that Innocent was less desirous than usual of his society. She had not the skill to conceal this strange and incomprehensible state of feeling, and when his mother endeavored to explain to him that she, too, was inextricably associated in Innocent's mind with the record of that night which had been the principal turning-point in her existence, Frederick did not like it.

"Nonsense!" he had cried, with something of his old warmth. "What is it to her in comparison with what it must be to me? If I can bear it, surely

she may be able to bear it. I did not think Innocent had been such a little fool."

"She has strange ideas," said Mrs. Eastwood, trembling as she spoke. "Sometimes she's very strange."

"She always was," said Frederick, pulling his peaked beard with a certain complacency.

He thought he saw through it all. When he brought her from Italy she had been very young, and had not understood her own feelings; and then he married, and his position was changed. But now a further change had come. He was a widower; he was free to love and to marry over again. And Innocent, developed into self-consciousness, felt it; and felt that she herself, in her perilous position, had need of great additional prudence in her intercourse with him. Poor Innocent!

She was now not only very handsome, but handsome in a way which struck everybody. Hers were not the sweet and bright good looks of Nelly, but a quite distinct beauty of a high order—and Frederick began to admire Innocent more than she had ever admired him. He inquired into everything about her, and in the course of his inquiries learned all that happened with Sir Alexis, and was more amused and preoccupied by this piece of news than his mother could have supposed possible. He was amused, she supposed, for he laughed long and low, and could not be done with the subject.

"So Longueville thought he could have her for the asking?" Frederick said, with a laugh which was full of keen and covert excitement.

"He was very nice about it," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I think he was really fond of her; and it would be a good thing for Innocent; a man who knows her so thoroughly, and would not expect too much. I don't think he has given up hope."

"Oh, he has not given up hope?" said Frederick, half fiercely, half laughing.

He would not give any explanation of his amusement, but he returned to the subject again and again with a curious interest. And gradually he came to show a great deal of regard and attention to the invalid of the house, to all Innocent's desires and likings, as she came out of her fever. Sometimes she would look at him strangely, as if she had something to tell him, and then would sigh and shrink away, and avoid all conversation with him. Poor, dear little Innocent! she felt the difference. He was no longer a married man, he was free; she could not disclose her guileless love any longer with the sense of security she had once had. Nothing could be more natural, nothing sweeter, more interesting to Frederick—and the whole secret of her conduct seemed to him to be in his hands.

Strangely different were poor Innocent's thoughts. The thing she wanted to do was to tell him of the one event she had never forgotten. "I killed your wife," these were the words that were constantly on her lips, which in her forlorn home-ty, poor child, she could not rest without saying. Though the sense of guilt had never left her, her mind had begun to accustom itself to the idea, horrible as it was. She began to feel herself in a measure the innocent victim of fate, guilty without intention.

Poor Innocent was in a sad strait between him and his mother. If she told Frederick the terrible secret, which stood like a ghost between them, Mrs. Eastwood would be angry with her. This kept her back; and who could doubt that he, too, would be "angry" when he knew what she had done? This latter thought, however, was an inducement to make the disclosure, for Innocent, in her simplicity, could not bear the idea of keeping the secret, which might alienate her cousin from her, and yet accepting his kindness while she did not deserve it.

Her mind was oppressed by it, her life clouded, all her peaceful, passive existence revolutionized; but her conscience was not affected to a similar degree. Her consciousness had entered upon an entirely new chapter since this terrible event. Herself had become revealed to her by the light of it, and it was only by this light that she could realize her own individual and independent being; but she was not so unhappy as in the circumstances she ought to have been. She was unhappy with Frederick because he did not know, because he thought otherwise of her than as she deserved; but the general course of her life, though weighed down by this strange new consciousness, was not so miserable as, according to all rules, it ought to have been.

There came a moment, however, when the crisis of this doubtful intercourse between Innocent and her cousin could not be put off further. Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly were dining out, and Frederick had benignly announced his intention of staying at home to take care of Innocent.

It was winter by this time, and the drawing-room at The Elms was very warm and homelike when the ruddy curtains were drawn, the lamp lighted, and the room full of cheerful firelight. Frederick placed his cousin in the easiest chair; he drew his own seat near her, and took the book he had been reading to her on the previous evening. It was a soft domestic scene, full of tender brotherly affection, kind and pious duty to that feeblest and gentlest of all the kindred, the youngest, the child of the house. Frederick felt a wave of warm and delightful feeling suffuse his heart. In some cases duty itself is the most pleasant of all pastimes, and this was one of those cases. How lovely that passive, dreamy face was as Innocent sat and listened! She was not at work, as so many women think it necessary to be. She was capable of doing absolutely nothing, sitting with her hands laid loosely across each other in her lap, listening, or dreaming—what did it matter? The book that Frederick read was a story of gentle and unexciting interest, a soft and simple narrative, such as Innocent was capable of following. How exquisite was the sensation when for once in a way duty and self-indulgence went hand in hand!

"Do you like it, Innocent?" he inquired, after a time, pausing to look at her, and laying down his book.

"Yes," said Innocent, softly; but she did not look at him as she had been wont.

"You do not care much for books, though? Do you remember, Innocent, in Summer, the first Summer you were here, when we used to walk about the garden together? you are changed since that time. You liked me better then than you do now."

She made no answer; her hands twined and untwined themselves in her lap; her soft cheek colored. It was still pale enough, heaven knows; but the faint tint that came upon it was a blush for her.

"I like the old way best," he continued, taking one of her hands into his. "Innocent, I have been very foolish—I have had a sad life of it for the last year. We must not say anything about the cause; but I have often been far from happy, and I never thought my little cousin would change to me. I could have understood any change in the world sooner than one in you."

"I have not changed, Frederick."

"Yes, dear, you have," he said. "Once you liked nothing better than to sit with me, to walk with me; now you are uneasy and anxious to get away. Don't you think I have more need of comfort now? But you take your hand away, Innocent."

"It is not for that—it is not for that!" she cried.

"Oh! Frederick, I must tell you now. My aunt will be angry, and perhaps you will be angry and never speak to me again; but I must tell you—now."

"What is it, dear?" he said, in his softest tones. "I shall not be angry—nothing can make me angry with you."

"Oh! Frederick, you don't know—you never could imagine what I have to tell you. Do not touch me. I am too bad—too terrible. I killed your wife."

He looked at her with eyes of utter amazement, turning pale—not at this strange intimation, which seemed madness to him; but at the sharp recall to his real position, and the different ideas involved in it. Then he smiled—a somewhat forced smile.

"My dear Innocent, this is the merest madness," he said. "I partly understand what you mean. You think it was your innocent presence that drove poor Amanda into that last fit of passion. Put away the thought from your mind, my poor darling—any one else—any trifling accident would have done the same."

"It was not the passion—it was what I gave her from the bottle," she said, her voice falling very low—"her medicine to make her sleep. She shook me—she snatched it from my hand—that killed her; and it was I who did it. Now—now you understand. And I know you will never speak to me again."

As she spoke thus, he rose to his feet in sudden blind misery and bewilderment, driven wild for the moment by a horrible doubt, which brought up before him in a second of time half-a-dozen scenes and suggestions. He had seen Amanda live through so many paroxysms of passion. Why should she have died of that one? And Innocent had fled like a hunted creature from the house. Why had she fled? These questions, that never occurred to him before, fell upon him now all at once.

Innocent sat very still in her chair, looking at him with fixed eyes. She had made her confession, and calm had returned to her. Her pale, slender hands lay loosely clasped in her lap, relieved against the black dress which she wore as mourning for Amanda. Her eyes were anxious, following his every look and gesture, but perfect calm had fallen upon her slight figure, her habitual attitude.

"Innocent," he cried, "you are dreaming, you are raving; it is impossible—anything is possible but this!"

She lifted her face to him, searching into the expression of his with her anxious eyes.

"Oh! do not be angry," she said, like a child that had done some petty wrong.

The incongruity of the appeal, the words so foolishly simple, the look so tragically anxious, had such an effect upon Frederick as nothing in his life had ever had before. Was the murder of which she accused herself no more to this child than the breaking of a piece of china—the neglect of some trifling duty? God help them all! He took her uplifted face in his hands and kissed the forehead again and again.

"Innocent, forget this madness," he said; "you make me wretched as well as yourself; for I love you—I love you better than anything in the world." "Ah!" she cried, freeing herself and turning away; "but I cannot forget, I can never forget. For I did it. I did not mean it, but I did it. Do not be angry; but you must never say you love me again."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—INTO FURTHER DEEPS.

WHEN Mrs. Eastwood came back, she found that Innocent had gone to bed with a headache, and Frederick, with an agitated face, sat silent, brooding over the fire by himself. He had no book nor paper to occupy him, and his face was clouded, as it had been in the days of excitement before his marriage, or those of unhappiness which followed after. He said little while Nelly was in the room, but suggested crossly that she should go and look after Innocent.

"If you will take the trouble," he said.

His tone was full of irritation, as it had been in the old times, but seldom in the new. Mrs. Eastwood made Nelly a sign to obey. She saw at once what had happened. She went and stood by her son's side as Nelly went up-stairs.

"What does this mean, mother?" he said, turning moody eyes, which looked red and feverish, upon her. "What does it mean? Innocent has been raving about something I don't understand. Surely anything which concerns me so much might have been told me. Say, mother, what does it mean?"

"A delusion," said Mrs. Eastwood, quietly, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"A delusion! It is too serious, too terrible, to be a delusion. She must be mad. The shock must have turned her brain. Tell me the whole," said Frederick; and she sat down by him by the fireside, and told him everything, omitting only by instinct to mention the presence of the housemaid when poor Innocent made her first confession. He drew from her by degrees every particular of the poor girl's arrival at home, her consistent story, from which she had never departed, and the little phial which had been clasped in her hand. This she showed him, taking it out of a desk in which she had locked it up. It had still a few drops of the opiate in it, and was labeled with the name of Mrs. Frederick Eastwood, and the date. The sight of this strange piece of evidence made Frederick shiver. It made him feel strangely for a moment, as if Amanda still lived, and could still have such drugs administered to her. "It would be better to destroy this," he said, taking it out of his mother's hand. She took it back from him anxiously, and put it in the desk again.

"Why should we destroy it?" she asked.

"It is the sort of evidence that would tell," he said, with once more a nervous shiver.

"Oh, Frederick!" cried his mother, "you don't mean to tell me that you think—it may be true?"

"I don't know what to think," he said, gloomily.

"Mother, I am very unhappy. I care more for Innocent than I ever thought I did. Heaven help us—it sounds very real. Why should she have taken such a thought into her simple mind?"

"I cannot tell," said his mother, and, moved in her turn, she began to cry, all her doubts and fears returning at the mere idea that some one else thought it possible, thought it true. They sat together over the dying fire, and talked of it in detail, entering into every particular, every recollection.

I do not believe that Frederick had ever been so deeply affected in his life; but even at that moment there came into his mind a certain sombre consciousness of satisfied vanity, which made things look still more black for Innocent. "Her known affection for me will supply the motive at once," he said; his very vanity made him believe the whole strange tale. His mother wavered between wondering doubts how if it were quite untrue such an idea could have come into Innocent's mind, taking possession of it so strongly—and a sense that it was impossible, that nothing so hideous and terrible could be. But Frederick, by mere stress of conviction that Innocent loved and had always loved him, found possibility, reality in the story at once.

"What shall we do with her?" he said.

"Oh, Frederick!" said Mrs. Eastwood, "you take everything for proved; and nothing is proved, not even the very first step. Neither you nor any one at Sterborne had the slightest suspicion. Nobody thought of Innocent as implicated. The death arose from natural causes, which had been foreseen, understood. The doctor himself—"

"Ah, the doctor," said Frederick; "perhaps I ought to see the doctor. But it might excite suspicion. The doctor was going away—he had got an appointment somewhere abroad."

"But I saw him," said Mrs. Eastwood; "he was most distinct in what he said to me—more medical than I could understand—but very clear. He said he had expected it for years, that Mr. Batty knew—that even you had been told—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Frederick; "that was all very well. Her heart was affected; and very fortunate it is for us that such an idea existed. But, mother, Amanda, poor girl, has been in a much greater passion with me than she ever could have been with Innocent, and did not die. Why did she die just then, with no one else present, and with this business about the opiate? I wish you would throw that little bottle into the fire. It is the sort of thing which would affect a stupid jurymen more than evidence."

"Oh, Frederick!" said Mrs. Eastwood, trembling and crying; "for heaven's sake don't talk as if it could ever come to that."

"Why shouldn't it come to that? If Batty once gets hold of the story he will not let it rest, I promise you. He knows I hate him, and have always done so, and he would believe it. Unfortunately, poor Amanda was aware of Innocent's feeling for me."

"Frederick," said Mrs. Eastwood, "Innocent, I am sure, had no feeling for you that an innocent girl might not have for her first friend, her protector, her relation—"

"You did not always think so, mother," he said.

"I wish with all my heart it had not been so—but you must see that this feeling on Innocent's part changes the whole character of the story. It gives a motive, it makes it possible. A girl would not do such a thing for nothing; but the moment you supply the motive—"

"Frederick, for heaven's sake! you speak not only as if she had done it, but as if she had meant to do it—"

"I speak as Batty would think, and as his lawyer would put it," said Frederick, with sombre certainty. "The best thing we could do, mother, would be to send her away. If she were taken to some out-of-the-way place—in Italy, perhaps, as she knows Italy—"

"I cannot give up my poor child's cause," cried his mother. "Send her away as if she were guilty!—banish her from her home—"

"It will be easier, you may take my word for it, to prevent an inquiry than to defend her if once accused," said Frederick. "To have her accused would be ruin and misery to us all. I might be brought in. Don't you see that mere acquittal would do little for us? The scandal is the terrible thing; and everybody would believe it, whether it was proved or not."

Such was the consultation going on down-stairs, while Innocent, strangely moved and agitated, lay in her little white bed looking at Nelly. The girl was not as she had been before; new thoughts were in her mind, new troubles in her heart. But she could not confide these to her cousin. She said simply, "I have told Frederick," as Nelly kissed her, and asked after her headache. No such pretenses as headaches were possible to her simple soul.

"You have told Frederick?—oh, Innocent—of this delusion, this fancy—"

"Of what happened," said Innocent, "and he was very kind to me; he was not angry. Nelly, tell me—will he always live here?"

"I suppose so," said Nelly, "but never mind Frederick. Innocent, you promised not to think of this—not to talk of it. It is a dream, a delusion. Mamma told you so. You promised to think of it no more—"

Innocent shook her head with a faint smile.

"I cannot help it," she said. "But you are sure Frederick will stay here always, Nelly?"

"Oh, what has Frederick to do with it?" said Nelly, impatiently; and she kissed her little cousin again, and bade her go to sleep. When she had got to the door, however, her heart smote her that she had been unkind. She came back with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, you poor child?" she said, "that you should be tormented like this? Oh, Innocent, say your prayers, and ask God to put it away out of your mind."

"I will try," said Innocent.

Nelly went to her own room and wept, out of grief, out of pity, out of impatience and impotence. Everything was out of joint, and nothing poor Nelly could do would set it right. When her mother came up some time after and told her the scope of her conversation with Frederick, and his suggestion to send Innocent away, Nelly blazed into generous momentary passion.

"Give her up altogether!" she cried. "Send the poor child away, whom God has trusted to us—"

"That is what I feel, dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, "but Frederick says—"

"Oh, I don't want to know what Frederick says! I am sick of Frederick—and all men," said poor Nelly. "Mamma, let us all go away and hide ourselves from this horrible world—"

"Nelly, Nelly," said her mother, with a smile, "which of us would tire soonest of that? You have other bonds which you forget in your haste—and I have the boys."

When Nelly was told of these other bonds she held her peace, with a flush upon her face. Yes, she had other bonds, and of all the four unhappy people who laid down under the kindly old roof of The Elms on that agitating night, she, perhaps, was the most unhappy. A heart running over with love, pity, generous impulses—but obstructed wherever her feet turned, unable to leave her little world with her own generous thoughts, unable to convince it of what seemed so clear to her, bound down by meannesses, by selfishness at which her soul revolted. The others were free more or less to follow their own instincts, but for her, she was in bonds—a spirit imprisoned, writhing under the cords that tied her, struggling with her fate.

"Oh, Nelly," said Mrs. Eastwood, before she went to bed, "what can have become of John Vane? He is the one man in the world I could talk to about it all, and who could tell us what was best."

Nelly made no reply. Her thoughts, too, had traveled perhaps the same way—but even while they did so it made her heart sore and bitter to think that it was John Vane, and not another, who was "the one man in the world" to help them in their terrible strait.

Innocent slept little that night. Something new was working in the girl's mind. All the household, almost without exception, believed that she had been "in love" with Frederick from the time he brought her home; and Frederick himself believed it most completely of all, as has been shown. But Innocent herself had never thought of love, had

known nothing of it, nor what it was. She had learned it for the first time that night. The discovery she made was not of anything in herself. She, in her simplicity, in her preoccupation, was as quietly still and affectionate in her emotions as she had ever and always been. But Frederick's looks, his words, his touch, had startled her in her unbroken, virginal calm. He had told her he loved her.

The impression made on her mind was not complex but single. He loved her not as the others loved, but with a love which innocent vaguely knew led to other ties and other consequences. This thought did not move her, as does the first suggestion of love which is destined to be happy; it filled her with fright and pain. She felt by instinct that between her and Frederick there was a gulf which never could be passed. She who had been used to put her hand in his, to take his arm, to talk to him more freely than to any one else—all this would be impossible if he loved her. She would shrink from the warmer, incomprehensible sentiment, but how could she shrink from Frederick? What would they all say? What would they think if she, who had so long clung to him, were to turn from him? she could not do it. With an imagination newly awakened, which had sprung up suddenly in self-defense, she saw herself constrained to do as Frederick pleased; led with him where he chose to lead her, drawn into new circumstances which she did not understand, yet shrank from.

The long winter night, which felt as if it would never end, spun out its lingering hours of darkness, while all these things passed darkly through her mind—but as she waked and dreamed there suddenly occurred to her a way of escape—a prospect of help. She had made a promise of which no one knew—a promise which had never before occurred to her mind from the moment she made it; this promise suddenly returned to her memory in her moment of deepest darkness. She had promised if she needed help, if she wanted change—a thing impossible at that moment, impossible a few hours ago, but now so real and so necessary—to seek it from one man; not the friend for whom Mrs. Eastwood sighed, whom Nelly bitterly and against her will involved in her thoughts; a savior, whose name occurred to poor innocent now as a sudden and only refuge in her trouble. When she thought of him, and remembered her promise to him, innocent fell asleep. She had some one in whose hands she could place her difficulty, and at once her mind, unused to such burdens, was eased.

She said nothing to any one of her purpose. She felt instinctively that had she spoken of it she would have been prevented from carrying out her intention. She did nothing, and said nothing, even to Alice, until next afternoon, when Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly went out on some necessary business. They thought it too cold for innocent, and placed her in an easy-chair by the fire, with the story-book which Frederick had been reading to her on the previous night. If anything had been wanting to confirm her resolution, this book would have done it.

As soon as they were gone she went to her room and dressed herself carefully. She took care to make no appeal to Alice, who would have stopped her—she knew, and dressed herself without aid, taking out her best dress, the new mourning which became her pale and dreamy beauty.

No one observed her as she went out; and very swift and straight, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, she pursued her way.

Sir Alexis lived by himself in this dainty dwelling-place. It was like a child to him; he was constantly making alterations, perfecting this and that, improving upon the unimprovable; and the house was a showhouse. Nevertheless, when innocent, young and alone, made her way to the door, and asked for Sir Alexis, the man who opened it to her was startled. Sir Alexis had not always been the irreproachable, middle-aged gentleman he was now, and his old servant, as well as his old friends, recollected passages in his life which were not such as to make the visit of a young girl, alone, a natural occurrence.

The servant stared at innocent, and told her that his master was engaged, and made various excuses. But innocent was impatient to all such hesitations. She would not tell what her business was, she would not be put off.

"Tell him I want him," she said, walking in, in her simplicity.

Such a girl, absolutely preoccupied, unconscious of any evil, pursuing her object without *arrière pensée*, without fear or thought of harm, is, I believe, safe to go over the world without let or hindrance. She hesitated only when the man asked her her name.

"Say it is innocent," she answered at last, with a look of perfect gravity, which checked the smile which began to form about his lips.

"A young lady?" said Sir Alexis, when the message was delivered to him. "Alone? it must be some mistake."

"No mistake, Sir Alexis," said the man, suffering the incipient grin to show itself, but with a cautious watchfulness lest it should be out of place. "When I asked her if there was any name, she gave me a queer name. I don't know if she's all right here. She bid me to tell you, Sir Alexis, as how it was innocent."

"Innocent!" said Longueville, starting up. "You idiot, why did you not tell me? Where have you put her?" and with a haste and anxiety which put all thought of a grin out of his attendant's head, Sir Alexis rushed out, thrusting away the man, whose mind changed on the subject in the twinkling of an eye.

(To be continued.)

THE SPRING OPENING OF JEROME PARK.

SELLING POOLS ON THE RACES.

THE excitement attending the Spring races at Jerome Park in June, Monmouth Park and Saratoga in July, is always anticipated by a phase but a few degrees less in intensity. Pool-selling and betting usurp nearly the entire attention of a certain class of characters in every city, and the more prominent the actors in the prospective contests, the greater will be the absorption in this practice.

In New York, as May wanes, the establishment of a pecuniary opinion on the capabilities of favorite horses is by no means confined to those who are supposed to have sufficient means to make a business feature of "going" on the Jerome races. As soon as the names of contestants are announced, groups of gamins, longshoremen, street musicians, newsboys and shoeblacks assemble, and carry on a system of pool-selling that would be extremely novel to professional sportsmen. The saloons of the avenues and the alleys of the Fourth and Sixth Wards, as well as the pretentious haunts of "the fancy" on Broadway, are, for one day at least, given up to the worshippers of Bickle Luck.

Our illustration represents a scene in one of the most frequented pool-rooms in the country, that of

T. B. Johnson, No. 1187 Broadway, corner of Twenty-eighth Street. The sales take place in the basement, and are attended by from fifty to three hundred persons. The names of the horses are painted in black letters on a strip of brown paper, which is pasted on the wall, just back of the desk. The auctioneer is a plain, matter-of-fact man, given entirely to his business. He rattles away so rapidly that few but the initiated can understand the peculiar idioms of pool. The many roughs and the coterie of swells that compose the audience display the keenest attention, at times, to the prices of the various favorites; at others, lounge off to the bar for drinks, then, returning, make up among themselves private bets upon the issues. The pool-room is generally more quiet than the majority of citizens would imagine. If the bidding is close, there will be a momentary activity and confusion of tongues; then, at random offers, the purchasers will form in clusters, to study the chances of the horses, and to privately "hedge" on the opinions openly staked on the sale. At this place, throughout the sporting season, one comes in contact with the leading betting-men of the country—horse-racing, yacht-racing, ball-matches, rowing-matches, cricket, and the general run of outdoor diversions likely to attract much interest, either personal or pecuniary.

THE SARATOGA TRUNK.

OUR artist has endeavored, in his double-page illustration, to do justice to the scenes connected with preparations for the "coming Summer season," in the packing of the indispensable traveling companion, the Saratoga trunk, with Saratogery.

In his picture there are three of those open-mouthed monsters of Summer campaigns, waiting for the gems of Summer attire to be buried within them. There are the four elder daughters—the magnets of the household—now drawn irresistibly to a stronger magnet, busying themselves with the proper arrangement of their possessions; the good-natured brother, kindly rendering assistance to the family at large by accelerating the disposal of one of the trunks. There is the eldest son, the mainstay of the household, calmly gazing on all the confusion around him, and resting his arm on the mantel near his mother, who, likewise, seems to be calmly indifferent to the general cause of excitement, and, with her feet on an adjacent hat-box, fans herself into a gentle lethargy. The little darling—the eight-year-old beauty—stands eagerly watching the movements of her sister, and requests her, in the mildest possible manner, please not to forget her doll before she shuts the trunk. She looks into her sister's eyes with an eagerness that plainly shows how she wishes she was old enough to have a great big trunk of her own. The baby, who is innocently ignorant of the cause of all this tumult, laughs gleefully in the colored nurse's arms. And the lady's maid, too, plays an important rôle in this great preparation. She hurries to and fro, bearing numberless dresses carefully laid out over her arms, and adds her share to the general business with a meekness that is commendable.

Around the floor odd articles of use and comfort are scattered, confused and neglected. A writing-desk, a straw hat, a pair of gloves, a railway guide, four books, and a tortoise-shell fan—these form the objects that as yet have been left unnoticed; but before the exodus takes place there will surely be some one to grasp these stray treasures and consign them to their proper places. Then off, for the sultry months, where the sun's rays, however warm, will glow on an atmosphere of fashion, and where, though the hot air oppresses no less than in the city, friends from familiar circles will be found to call what might seem to be fashionable torture a real pleasure.

BUFFALO BAYOU AT HOUSTON, TEXAS.

BUFFALO BAYOU empties into Galveston Bay, and is the chief water route from Galveston City to Houston. The head of navigation is at the latter place, and throughout its entire length the stream is very narrow; indeed, there is not sufficient room for a steamboat to turn about. Just beyond the St. Clair are two branches of the Bayou, and it is customary for vessels desiring to change their course to pass up one fork until its length is measured, when the engines are reversed, and the boats backed up the other a sufficient distance to complete a safe turn. There is a brisk trade at this point during the shipping season, and half-a-dozen boats are continually seen loading, unloading, or backing for a turn.

SCIENTIFIC.

The specific gravity of the earth is averaged at 5.48—that is nearly 4½ times heavier than the same bulk of water.

MERCURIAL ointment is said to be one of the best materials known for preventing rust on gun-barrels. It should be rubbed in thoroughly, both outside and inside, and well dried off, so as to leave but little on the surface. The quicksilver forms a thin film, which protects the metal from moisture.

M. ROSENTHAL concludes, from a series of experiments he has recently made, that the irritability of muscles is the best test to ascertain whether a person is dead. The muscles of a dead body cannot be excited or made to move by an electric current for a period longer than three hours after death; but, in a case of apparent or assumed death, the irritability is never lost.

SCREWS IN PLASTER.—It often becomes desirable to insert screws into plaster walls, without attaching them to any woodwork; but, when we turn them in, the plaster gives way, and our effort is vain. And yet a screw may be inserted in plaster so as to hold light pictures, etc., very firmly. The best plan is to enlarge the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, fill it with plaster of paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps, etc., and bed the screw in the soft plaster. When the plaster has set the screw will be held very strongly.

EFFECT OF THE SUN ON GLASS.—Mr. T. Gaffield, as the result of investigations upon the effect of the sun on glass, states the following conclusions: "If the glass has a greenish tint, the sun's rays give it a golden color—the blue tends to disappear. If the exposure is continued, the yellow color increases, the glass becoming a yellowish-brown, and finally violet. A white glass, containing no manganese, made with white sand, sodic or potassic carbonate and lime, assumes a yellowish cast in the sunlight with moderate rapidity. Glasses containing plumbic oxide do not appear to be affected by exposure to the sunlight. Crystal glasses, with a bluish cast, also do not appear to be affected. Glasses colored from yellowish-brown to violet brown, by means of iron and manganese oxides, vary in color according to the portions of the oxides present. Glasses colored violet, by manganese may be rendered colorless by heating it in a muffle, but an exposure to the sun's light restores the violet color; an addition of 0.06 per cent. of lead prevents this phenomenon, however."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW ENGLAND.

MAINE.—Lewiston is to have ice-water tanks at the corners of the principal streets during the hot season.

VERMONT.—A signal has been erected on the summit of "Grain Hill," in Hartland, Windsor County, in connection with the United States signal. It is of wood, about 36 feet in height, trimmed with alternate layers of black and white cloth, the whole being surmounted with a large cap of bright tin.

General Phil Sheridan will pass the Fourth of July in Burlington, in order to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Ethan Allen.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Turkish Government has just contracted with the Providence Tool Company for 300,000 Martini-Henry rifles, in addition to the 200,000 originally contracted for.

In addition to the great native product of Rhode Island oysters, there have been imported from Virginia and other oyster regions, and planted in Providence River by Boston and Providence wholesale dealers, within the past three months, over 200,000 bushels, all of which will be used up within the next 12 months.

MASSACHUSETTS.—It is expected that Professor Agassiz's new school on Penikese Island will be ready for occupancy by July 1st.

Boston is talking about mounting some of its police for service in the suburbs at night.

The first regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club of the season took place on the 11th inst., off Marblehead.

CONNECTICUT.—The new chapel of Yale College is to be completed in a year. It will be in the form of a cross, occupying nearly all the space between Farnum and Durfee Colleges, and will cost about \$100,000.

The soldiers' monument at Middleton has been seized on a mortgage.

Mrs. Francis A. Russell, of Middletown, has purchased the old church building on the corner of Broad and Court Streets, and will give it to the city, on certain conditions, to be used as a public library.

A board, to consist of Major-General Q. A. Gillmore, of the corps of engineers, Major T. J. Treadwell, of the Ordnance Department, and Captain Lorenzo Lorain, of the Third Artillery, is appointed to meet in Hartford to decide upon the calibre of guns to be tried and ammunition to be used in experiments, and the best of the two Gatling guns of large calibre for the defence of fortifications.

The latest projected idea for the pleasure of New Haven people is an inclined plane railway to run up the side of East Rock from Orange Street—horse-power on the rock to haul up the cars on week days, and a dummy engine Sundays.

Colonel David Perry, who with his command captured Captain Jack and his band of Modocs, is a native of Ridgefield.

The statue of General Israel Putnam, which is to be placed in the park at Hartford, will be cast in Philadelphia and will be placed upon its pedestal in the Fall.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—B. F. Prescott, of Concord, has been elected Secretary of State.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

NEW YORK CITY.—A requiem mass was celebrated at St. Stephen's Church, on the 11th, for the Cuban General Ignacio Agramonte, recently killed in battle.

The sixteenth annual regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club was sailed on the 12th.

Precautionary measures against the anticipated advent of cholera from New Orleans and Memphis are being taken by the New York Sanitary Bureau.

The Grand Lodge of Masons at its recent session in this city adopted a new constitution.

General Sherman stopped here on his way to and from West Point.

NEW YORK.—The third annual convention of the Superintendents of the Poor was held in Buffalo on the 11th.

The 24th and 25th days of June have been fixed upon for holding a State temperance convention at Albany.

The suit brought by the New York Central Railroad Company against the Collector of Internal Revenue at Albany, to recover the \$468,000 taxes paid to him under protest, will be tried toward the last of this month at Canandaigua, Judge Hunt holding the term.

The annual parade of the Greenport Sabbath-school scholars took place on the 11th. There were 3,000 children in line.

NEW JERSEY.—Newark is building a number of schoolhouses and cottages for Peru.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Democratic State Convention will be held at Wilkesbarre, August 27th.

DELAWARE.—Professor West, charged with the most brutal murder of the negro Turner, was acquitted at Dover on the 11th. He was remanded to answer a charge of arson.

THE SOUTH.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—A tournament of the Steam Fire Department of Charleston will take place in November next.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The heavy Spring freshets have been very destructive to crops in North Carolina.

TENNESSEE.—Fred. Douglass will deliver the annual address before the Tennessee Colored Agricultural and Mechanical Association, in Nashville, during the fair in September.

Farmers' clubs are being organized in all the counties in upper East Tennessee. They are adopting the co-operative principle in the purchase of supplies, machinery, etc.

The army worm is worse in Tennessee than in any of the other Southern States.

A large tobacco factory will soon be in operation in Bristol.

There was but little excitement in Memphis last week about the cholera. The death-rate increased on the 11th. Few residents left the city.

VIRGINIA.—The State Conservative Convention will be held in Richmond, August 6th.

The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will be held at Marion, commencing on the 15th of October next.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The Jewish congregation in Washington appeal to their co-religionists to aid them in establishing a metropolitan synagogue in that city.

ALABAMA.—About one-third of the territory of Alabama is now, by legislative enactment, temperance ground.

NEVADA.—The mining industry of Nevada was more productive in 1872 than in any former year, the value of the bullion produced being estimated at \$2,500,000.

GEORGIA.—Talbot County boasts of a plumbago bed.

A bed of needle ore has been discovered at Cartersville. The colored troops contemplate celebrating the Fourth of July in Savannah in grand style.

LOUISIANA.—Fifty thousand dollars has been subscribed in New Orleans to revive French opera next season.

TEXAS.—The wheat crop of Northern Texas is unusually good. No rust or fly reported. Harvest commenced in Collins and Dallas Counties.

Forty thousand Russians contemplate settling in this State during the year.

THE WEST.

ILLINOIS.—Returns from the election for Judge of the Supreme Court, in the Fifth District of Illinois are still incomplete, but sufficient to show the election of Craig by a majority of at least 2,000. He was the farmers' candidate.

It is said that Mayor Medill, of Chicago, by promptly revoking the license of ten saloon-keepers of that city, has put an effectual stop to the concerted attempt to break down the Sunday Liquor Law.

Chicago will open a grand exposition in September, in a glass and iron palace on the lake-shore.

The farmers contemplate a grand demonstration on the Fourth of July, at Princeton, in honor of their victory in the late election for supreme Court Judge.

IOWA.—A fourth vein of coal, four and one-half feet thick, has been discovered at Des Moines, 125 feet from the surface.

Dr. Meacham, of Modoc massacre notoriety, is stopping with his father in Iowa City. He is feeble, but cheerful.

The German and Irish benevolent societies of Muscatine have agreed to unite in celebrating the Fourth of July.

The farmers of Polk County last week strongly protested against the Congressional salary steal.

A Grange picnic was held at Mount Pleasant on the 11th, and there were 10,000 patrons present. Governor Carpenter made the address.

The Wesleyan University has organized a class of journalism.

MICHIGAN.—The Norwegians of Madison have started a movement to build a monument to Leif Erikson, the Norwegian navigator, who, it is claimed, discovered America in the year 1000. The monument will be erected in the Capitol Park, and will cost \$10,000.

The Flint Riding Park Association will hold their fourth annual races at their grounds, July 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th. Premiums amounting to \$3,000 are offered.

OHIO.—Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam sent 180 valuable books to the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Decoration Day.

The farmers of Central and Eastern Ohio are organizing granges.

MINNESOTA.—Three exploring parties are fitting out at Duluth to search the north shore for iron and copper in paying quantities.

The Chippewa squaw "Mindy," as famous on the Upper St. Croix as was "Old Bet" on the Upper Mississippi, is lying at the point of death, in consequence of wounds received from another squaw.

Ice still shuts up the Duluth Harbor.

INDIANA.—The Board of Health of Logansport is composed of one allopathic, one homeopathic and one eclectic physician, and a physician is chairman of the Committee on Cemeteries.

A horse fair will occur on the Fair Grounds of Martin County on the Fourth of July.

KANSAS.—In the bottom of the Solomon River, near the confluence with the Smoky, have been discovered springs of coal oil bubbling up, and there is a great excitement in that neighborhood.

Twenty thousand head of Texas cattle are said to be summered on the Kaw Reserve, near Council Grove.

They are making salt in Arkansas City, Sumner County, and have so far proved successful. Thirty barrels a week is the average.

MISSOURI.—The first "colored" Catholic church west of the Mississippi was dedicated at St. Louis on May 18th, "with great and gorgeous display."

KENTUCKY.—This time it is the Rev. George W. Smith, a well-known Methodist minister in Louisville, who believes he has solved the problem of successful aerial navigation, and proposes to demonstrate it.

A farmer in Harrison County has effectually destroyed potato-bugs by sprinkling tobacco-juice upon them. He also sprinkles elder-leaves on cabbages, and thus drives off and kills worms and bugs that infest them.

WISCONSIN.—Palmyra has very successful monthly stock fairs.

WYOMING TERRITORY.—The black flint found near Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory, is identical with that of English chalk.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

CALIFORNIA.—A colony of Hollanders is expected to arrive and settle on the Santa Margarita Rancho, in San Diego County.

The wholesale butchers of San Francisco have discharged all the Chinamen in their employ.

Twelve locomotives, the first ever constructed there, are nearly completed at Sacramento.

San Francisco has just imported and set out for ornament 75 plants of the rhododendron maximum, a native flowering shrub of Washington Territory.

OREGON.—It is noted that most of the emigrants into this State now come from the Western Atlantic States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

RUSSIA.—The Russian Minister of Marine is fully convinced of the importance and necessity of training boys for the navy, and two large vessels are to be set apart, one at Cronstadt and the other at Sebastopol, for this purpose, receiving between them 400 boys, between thirteen and sixteen years of age.

ENGLAND.—The circulation of the Bank of England is to be increased six million pounds.

The famous Tichborne trial in London is nearing its end. The evidence lately brought out is very much against the Claimant, proving conclusively that he is Arthur Orton, the butcher, and not Sir Roger Tichborne, the baronet. A former sweetheart of his swears that he is the Arthur Orton who was courting her fifteen years ago, and witnesses from Australia and South America testify that he was known in both these places under the names of Orton and Castro.

FRANCE.—The town of Belfort is preparing to celebrate the approaching departure of the German troops. It is intended to place a colossal lion upon the ramparts to celebrate the occasion. The height of the figure will be about 20 feet; it is the work of M. Bartholdi, an Alsatian sculptor.

ITALY.—They are laying rails in Florence in order to convey in safety Michael Angelo's statue of David from its unprotected site in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, where it has stood 350 years, to the imperial gallery.

Brigandage still crops out in the southern provinces. A band haunts the vicinity of the beautiful resort of Sorrento, and a short time since one of the ladies of honor attendant upon the Russian Empress, while walking by herself near the town, was cowardly attacked, her purse taken, and her diamond earrings torn from her ears, carrying with them big pieces of flesh.

CANADA.—Subscriptions to the Drummond Colliery Relief Fund in Halifax now exceed \$7,000.

Governor Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and suite arrived at Quebec on the 11th. They will remain two weeks, and proceed to Saguenay and the maritime provinces.

It is estimated that 25,000 persons viewed the funeral procession bearing the remains of the late Sir George Cartier, at Montreal, on the morning of the 11th.

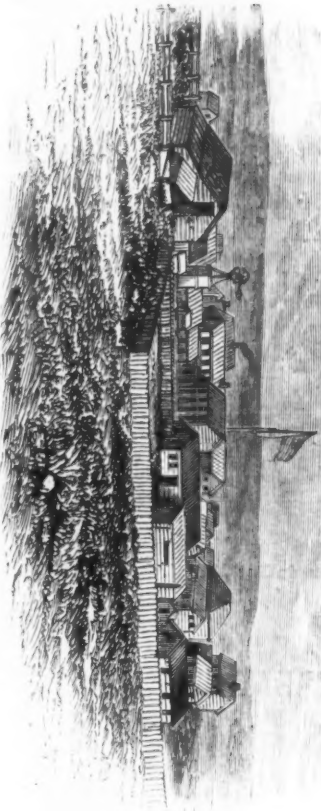
TURKEY.—Intelligence comes from St. Petersburg of the insanity of the Sultan. He has brooded over real and imaginary evils during the last six years.

EGYPT.—The Sultan, it is reported, has issued a firman granting to the Khédive an independent internal government, and authorizing him to augment the army and conclude foreign treaties.



NEW YORK CITY.—BETTING ON THE RACES.—SELLING POOL. AT JOHNSON'S ROOMS.—SEE PAGE 255.

THE OLD TOWN OF SAN DIEGO.



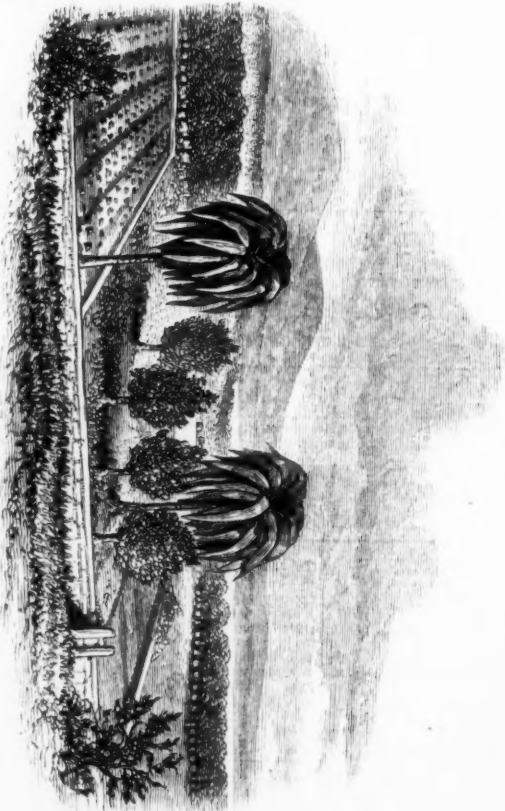
SAN DIEGO.
THE METROPOLIS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
THE magnificent tract of country in Southern California—whose capital of the same name will be found among our illustrations to-day—embraces an area of about 15,000 square miles. It is bounded by Arizona on the east, by Lower California on the south, and by the Pacific Ocean on the west. It is intersected by the coast range of mountains, and abounds in fine timber and the precious metals. In the valley and level regions the soil is most fertile, and so salubrious is its climate, that it has begun to command the attention of invalids within the last two years; for so mild is it in even the months of January and February, that a child might play in the open air on the seashore without suffering the slightest inconvenience from the weather.

Four noble rivers water this delightful region—the Colorado, the San Diego, the Santa Margarita, and the San Luis del Rey—all giving life and beauty to the vineyards, orange-orchards, olive-orchards, and date-palms to be found scattered along the coast, and many of which are to be found in the vicinity of old San Diego as well as of the capital or new town which is situated on San Diego Bay—a splendid sheet of water, which affords the best harbor on the whole Pacific seaboard. This latter fact is supposed to indicate that this embryo city cannot fail soon to become a great centre of commerce and civilization; while the news that it is intended to locate a terminus of the Southern Pacific Railway here, and that a strong tide of immigration is about to set in toward this point in consequence of such intention, goes still further to indicate that the little town which we now perceive skirting the bay in our engraving will one day fill the world with its name.

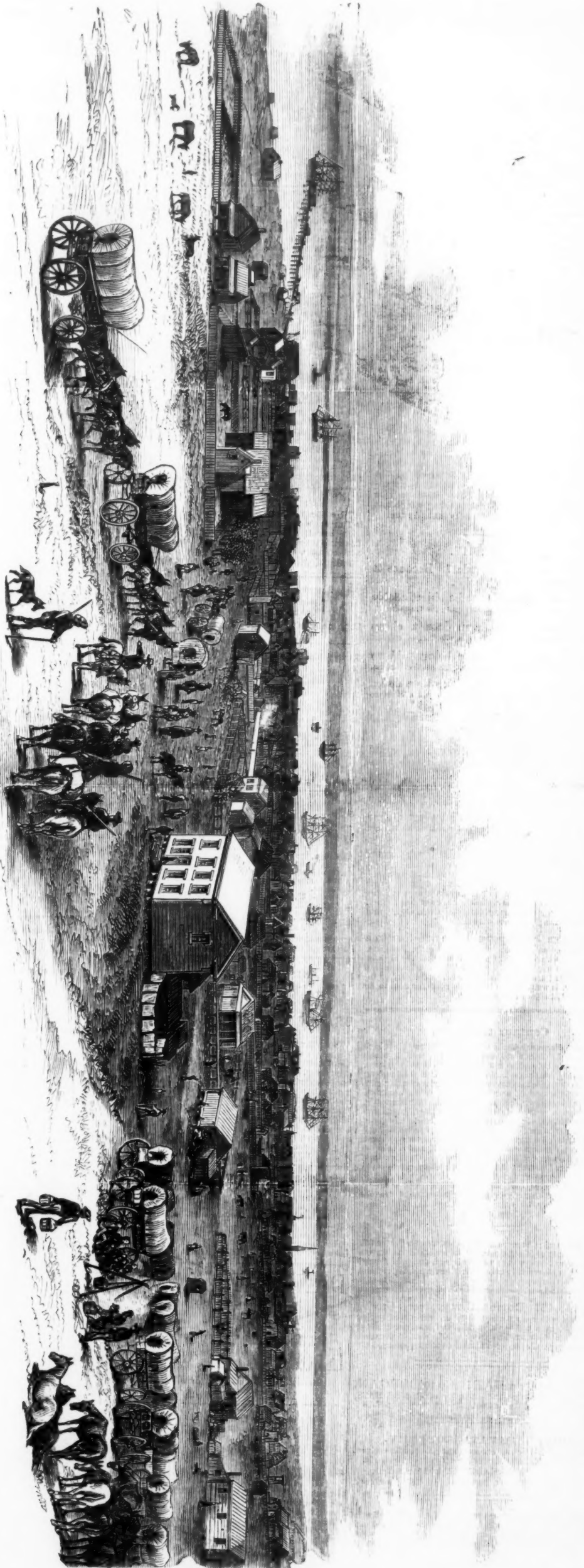
The population of this territory, which, without the Indians, is estimated at about 5,000, is mainly engaged in farming and mining. Wheat, barley, oats and other cereals can be raised here in great abundance; and gold, silver, lead, copper and coal, are to be found in various localities. Grapes and different other sorts of fruits flourish most luxuriantly also, while the olive and the orange are said to attain a richness and flavor here not to be excelled in any other portion of the globe. We give a representation of an olive-orchard near San Diego, which will convey a very clear idea of how those plantations look and are treated. We also give the reader a glimpse of the old San Diego, which has now to hide its diminished head before the growing importance of its successor.

The new town or city of San Diego is said to contain about 2,000 inhabitants; and, judging from the number of emigrants that we now see, coming with their goods and families, the population is likely to assume important dimensions speedily. The shipping, too, that we see crowding the bay is significant in the extreme, and would seem to render the idea that this little centre may soon rival San Francisco, to the southwest of which it lies 470 miles, in latitude $32^{\circ} 44' 41''$. In the bay there is most excellent fishing, and the Coronado Islands,

OLIVE ORCHARD, MISSION GARDEN, SAN DIEGO.



SAN DIEGO, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, PROPOSED TERMINUS OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



discernible in "the blue distance," are a great point of attraction to those who have means and leisure to indulge occasionally in an excursion to them. There are many charming drives and scenes about San Diego, and many mines and orange and olive groves, which are most attractive to strangers. On the seashore some of the most beautiful shells are found, and the air on the beach or in the hilly districts is so exhilarating at times, that one inhales it with something akin to rapture.

There are some Christian missions in this region, which are worthy of all commendation, inasmuch as they have been the means of winning many of the aborigines from their savage customs, and enticing them within the pale of civilization. The olive-orchard, seen in one of our engravings, belongs to a mission of this character, quite convenient to San Diego. This orchard is the oldest and most productive in the place. Some of these plantations are cultivated with great care; but others of them have been so much neglected that they have almost ceased bearing fruit.

As may be presumed, society is as yet in a somewhat crude state in San Diego, although the town has some creditable buildings, and peace and tranquillity pervade the whole community. If, as anticipated, it will now be fed both by land and sea, through the instrumentality of the iron horse and the steamship, we may look for very great results in a comparatively short period. In this age and country, cities, under the quickening touch of American enterprise, start into being as if by magic. In its footprints the desert blossoms like the rose; and now that it is abroad in a favored land, whose boundaries run from sea to sea, who shall set limits to its gigantic strides, or attempt to prescribe its course? The vast and fertile regions that are now being almost daily opened up to us will prompt us to larger projects of colonization: until, at last, the whole continent will throb to the beat of our pulses, and regard us as the lungs of the world, through which Civilization and Liberty should breathe freely, and through the oxygen of whose laws, manners and customs the dark, venous blood of despotism shall be purified and vitalized among far-off peoples, until the various members of the human family in this hemisphere at least are assimilated to each other and they become one perfect whole beneath that glorious flag which has already done so much for the whole human race.

FUN-OGRAPHY.

Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Why would a tax on tarts be objectionable at sea? Because it would be encouraging pirates.

What musical instrument does a cheap public-house remind one of? Why, a vile inn, of course.

A YOUNG man at a party being told to "bring forth the old lyre," brought out his mother-in-law.

A YOUNG husband handed his wife a dozen buttons the other day, and asked her to put a shirt to them.

CRUSTY says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

WHAT is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker? One puts his sail up and the other puts his ale down.

A BACHELOR editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to one similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

A LITTLE girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing nothing."

AN incident in the life of a Danbury farmer is thus recorded. His wife was taken very ill, and he was called away on urgent business. During his absence she died and was buried, and the news was delicately conveyed to him by a boy, who met him at the gate. The boy said: "Mr. —, your ole woman is dead and buried; and we've got in the Spring oats." "Great God," said the shocked man; "and the oats in?"

A QUAKER lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress, as follows: "Hum, yea, verily, Penelope, the spirit ureth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone." "Hum! truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said, 'Inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo, I will sojourn with thee.'"

Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked bones, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Rose & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 922-47

SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, COR. CROSBY Street, offers now a complete assortment of Spring clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway misfits, etc., 40 per cent. less than original cost. No trouble to show goods. tf

WHO wants a HAT? Go to **DOUGAN**, Manufacturer and Importer of GENT'S HATS, 102 Nassau, cor. of Ann Street. 916-28

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. Prices reduced; circulars sent and information given. We sold the \$500,000 prize in the drawing of April 22d. J. B. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers, 10 Wall Street, Post Office box 4685, New York.

When you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of **AYER'S PILLS** and see how quick you can be restored to a shilling.

If you want a stylish fitting suit of clothes, go to **PLANK**, 35 JOHN STREET, New York (late with Freeman & Barry). 925-47

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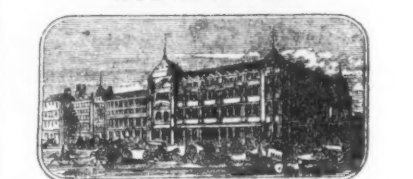
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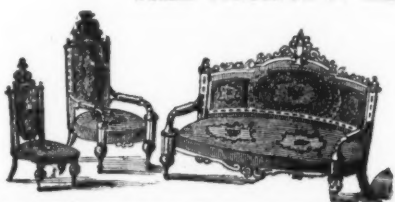
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